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THE

Dramatick Works

OF

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for B. LINTOT, J. J. and P. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and J. CLARKE; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

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THE

Beaux Stratagem.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

WHEN Strife disturbs, or Sloth corrupts an Age,
Keen Satire is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain Dealer *writ, he lash'd those Crimes*
Which then infested most——the modish Times:
But now, when Faction sleeps, and Sloth is fled,
And all our Youth in active Fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT-BRITAIN's *fair extensive Round,*
The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION *sound;*
When ANNA's *Sceptre points the Laws their Course,*
And her Example gives her Precepts Force;
There scarce is room for Satire; all our Lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise.
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;
Our Product so, fit for the Field or School,
Must mix with Nature's favourite Plant——a Fool.
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalks, and vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field,
And culls such Fools as may Diversion yield;
And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we show ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as Nature shews you ev'ry Hour:
Nor can the Pictures give a just Offence;
For Fools are made for Jests to Men of Sense.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Aimwell,	Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the second as Servant.	Mr. *Mills*.
Archer,		Mr. *Wilks*.
Count *Bellair*,	A *French* Officer, Prisoner at *Litchfield*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Sullen,	A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	Mr. *Verbruggen*
Freeman,	A Gentleman from *London*.	Mr. *Keen*.
Foigard,	A Priest, Chaplain to the *French* Officers.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Gibbet,	A Highway-Man.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Hounslow, *Bagshot*,	His Companions.	
Boniface,	Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Scrub.	Servant to Mr. *Sullen*.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Bountiful*,	An old, civil, Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son *Sullen*.	Mrs. *Powel*.
Dorinda,	Lady *Bountiful*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Bradshaw*
Mrs. *Sullen*.	Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Gipsey.	Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. *Mills*.
Cherry,	The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. *Bicknel*.

SCENE, *LITCHFIELD*.

THE
Beaux Stratagem.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface *running.*

Bon. CHamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*; all aſleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry *running.*

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl ſo, Father? D'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deſerve to have none, you young Minx:-- The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has ſtood in the Hall this Hour, and no body to ſhew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman should overturn them to-morrow.——Coming, coming: Here's the *London* Coach arrriv'd.

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-Boxes, with other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen.——Chamberlain, shew the *Lion* and the *Rose*. [*Exit with the Company.*

Enter Aimwell *in a Riding Habit,* Archer *as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen

Aim. Set down the things; go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Bonniface,* pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Bonniface,* your Servant.

Bon. O, Sir——What will your Honour please to drink, as the Saying is.

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just fourteen Year old the fifth Day of next *March,* Old Stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale——Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is;——Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*——I have liv'd in *Litchfield,* Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim.

Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir. I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster *with a Bottle and Glass.*

Now, Sir, you shall see, [*Filling it out*] your Worship's Health: Ha! delicious, delicious,——fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of Usquebaugh————but the poor Woman was never well after: But howe'er, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountiful* said so——She, good Lady, did what could be done; she cur'd her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of Women: Her last Husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thousand Pound a Year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the good of her Neighbours; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men; Green-Sickness, Obstruc-

tions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;——The King's Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children: In ſhort, ſhe has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way uſeful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, ſhe has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the fineſt Woman in all our Country, and the greateſt Fortune: She has a Son too, by her firſt Huſband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What ſort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; ſays little, thinks leſs, and does——nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of Great Eſtate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportſman, I ſuppoſe.

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleaſure; he plays at Whiſk and ſmoaks his Pipe eight and forty Hours together ſometimes.

Aim. A fine Sportſman, truly! And marry'd, you ſay?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir——But he's a————He wants it here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Buſineſs; he's my Landlord, and ſo a Man, you know, wou'd not———But I'cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me, I pay him his Rent at Quarter-day; I have a good Running Trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right; you have a good many of thoſe Gentlemen: Pray, how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we paid good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my House.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em———Does your Master stay long in Town, as the Saying is? [*To* Archer.

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from *London?*

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No!

Bon. An odd Fellow this: I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The Coast's clear, I see———Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield.*

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night?

Arch. Jack Handicraft, a handsome, well dress'd, mannerly, sharping Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aim. Right: and, pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manslaughter* t'other day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsome Figure, and rides in his Coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim.

Aim. But did you obſerve poor *Jack Generous* in the Park laſt Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, ſhading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Faſhion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his uſeleſs Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crouded with company, yet was poor *Jack* as ſingle and ſolitary as a Lion in a Deſart.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men muſt not be poor: Idleneſs is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em buſtle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Senſe are left to their Induſtry.

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed; and, I think, luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man ſwear now, that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinſick Value were known———

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinſick Value, who can ſtrike our Fortunes out of our ſelves, whoſe Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government: we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to ſpend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unleſs it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horſes, Cloaths, Rings, *&c.* why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this two hundred Pound, with the Experience that we are now Maſters of, is a better Eſtate than the ten thouſand we have ſpent. ———Our Friends indeed began to ſuſpect that our Pockets were low, but we camp off with flying Colours,

lours, ſhew'd no ſigns of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Bruſſels* was a good pretence enough for our ſudden diſappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this Project fails it muſt e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight-Errantry; but in caſe it ſhould fail, we'll reſerve the other to carry us to ſome Counter-ſcarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd juſtly, *Archer*; we can't ſay that we have ſpent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; ſo much Pleaſure for ſo much Money; we have had our Penny-worths; and had I Millions, I would go to the ſame Market again. O *London, London!* well, we have had our ſhare, and let us be thankful: Paſt Pleaſures, for aught I know, are paſt, ſuch we are ſure of; thoſe to come may diſappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to ſee how ſome inhuman Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; thoſe that by ſacrificing all to one Appetite, ſhall ſtarve all the reſt—You ſhall have ſome that live only in their Palates, and in their Senſe of Taſting ſhall drown the other four. Others are only Epicures in Appearance, ſuch who ſhall ſtarve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famiſh their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary ſort confine their Pleaſures to the Dark, and contract their ſpacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-ſtring.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they conſume 'em, and, I think, your kind Keepers have much the beſt on't; for they indulge the moſt Senſes by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling amply gratified; and ſome Philoſophers will tell you that from ſuch a Commerce, their ariſes a ſixth Sense, that gives infinitely more Pleaſure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to paſs to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think thoſe the worſt that keep their Money.

Arch.

Arch. These are the most miserable Wights in Being; they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just Order and Strength, with his Reason, as Commander at the Head of 'em; that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage, or Danger.—— For my part, I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good: I can be charm'd with *Sappho*'s Singing, without falling in love with her Face: I love Hunting, but would not, like *Acteon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport: you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies:——And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall outdo the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the Day, and so I submit:————At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter* Boniface.] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I must confess:————I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah? Do you know who ou are? [*Aſide.*

Bon. Pleaſe to beſpeak ſomething elſe; I have every hing in the Houſe.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal, Sir! we had a delicate Loin of Veal on *Vedneſday* laſt.

Aim. Have you got any Fiſh or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fiſh, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, nd indifferently provided with Fiſh, that's the truth n't; but then for Wild-fowl!——We have a deli-ate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricaſſeed.

Bon. Fricaſſeed! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better nother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pſhaw! Rot your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you leaſe; but hold, I have a ſmall Charge of Money, and our Houſe is ſo full of Strangers, that I believe it may e ſafer in your Cuſtody than mine; for when this Fel-ow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing?——Here, irrah, reach me the ſtrong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,——this will give us Reputation. [*Aſide. Brings the Box.*

Aim Here, Landlord, the Locks are ſealed down both or your Security and mine; it holds ſomewhat above wo hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to ou after Supper: but be ſure you lay it where I may ave it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little ubious at preſent; perhaps I may be gone in half an Iour, perhaps I may be your Gueſt till the beſt part of hat be ſpent; and pray order your Oſtler to keep my Horſes ready ſaddled: But one thing above the reſt I uſt beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of our *Anno Domini*, as you call it;——for he's the oſt inſufferable Sot——Here, Sirrah, light me to y Chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir! [*Exit, lighted by* Archer.

Bon. Cherry, Daughter *Cherry*.

Enter

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you muſt lay by this Box for th Gentleman; 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why ſure, Fathe the Gentleman comes to be choſen Parliament-ma Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him: he talks keeping his Horſes ready ſaddled, and of going perha at a minute's warning, or of ſtaying perhaps till the be part of this be ſpent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man

Bon. A Highway-man! upon my Life, Girl, you hav hit it, and this Box is ſome new-purchaſed Booty —— Now, could we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horſes have they?

Cher. The Maſter rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man upon the blac Mare; and ſince he don't belong to our Fraternity, w may betray him with a ſafe Conſcience; I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own. Look'e Child, as the Saying is, we muſt go cunningly to work; Proofs we muſt have; the Gentleman's Servant love Drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one he love a Wench, you muſt work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my Secret fo his?

Bon. Conſider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming.——— Child, mind your Buſineſs.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it. —— My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her Good-nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Gueſt, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain——by a Footman too!

Enter

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Miſtreſs, is ſo happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope ſo, for I'm ſure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppoſe I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was conſidering in what manner I ſhould make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners: If you kept a little more diſtance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Diſtance! good-night, Saucebox. [*Going.*

Cher. A pretty Fellow; I like his Pride. —— Sir, pray, Sir, you ſee, Sir, [Archer *returns*] I have the Credit to be intruſted with your Maſter's Fortune here, which ſets me a degree above a Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no——'Sdeath Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I ſee every body?

Arch. Ay, but if ſome Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—— Prithee inſtruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to ſay.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Perſon of your Figure, I can aſſure you, Madam; my Addreſſes have been always confined to People within my own Sphere: I never aſpir'd ſo high before.

[Archer *ſings.*

But you look ſo bright,
And are dreſs'd ſo tight,
That a Man wou'd ſwear you're right,
As Arm was e'er laid over.

Such

Such an Air,
You freely wear
To ensnare
As makes each Guest a Lover:

Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest:
Since then my Dear, &c.

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Aside.*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear; take it while it is warm [*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs!

Cher. And I wish there had been a Swarm of Bees too, to have stung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a Swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the Business much better.

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I'gad I have forgot it, [*Aside:*] Oh! *Martin.*

Cher. Where were your born?

Arch. In St. *Martin*'s Parish.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. Of—of—St. *Martin*'s Parish.

Cher. Then Friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiss.

[*Kisses her:* Boniface *calls without,* Cherry, Cherry.

Cher.

Cher. I'm——My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durſt you ſtop my Breath ſo? —— Offer to follow me one ſtep if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light; this is a pretty ſair Opening of an Adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and ſo Fortune be our Guide. [*Exit.*

The END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *meeting.*

Dor. MOrrow, my dear Siſter; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. *Sul.* Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy againſt bad Huſbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law at *Doctors-Commons*; and I ſwear, Siſter *Sullen*, rather than ſee you thus continually diſcontented, I would adviſe you to apply to that: For, beſides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Siſter to the Huſband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me ſuch an Impreſſion of Matrimony, that I ſhall be apt to condemn my Perſon to a long Vacation all its Life—But ſuppoſing, Madam, that you brought it to a Caſe of Separation, what can you urge againſt your Huſband? My Brother is, firſt, the moſt conſtant Man alive.

Mrs. *Sul.* The moſt conſtant Huſband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never ſleeps from you.

Mrs. *Sul.* No, he always ſleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance ſuitable to your Quality.

Mrs. *Sul.*

Mrs. *Sul.* A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors for Meat, Drink, and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called Pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

Mrs. *Sul.* Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! Dost think, Child, that my Limbs are made for leaping of Ditches, and clambring over Styles; or that my Parents, wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country Pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plaisters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling of Rosemary-water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-law.

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

Mrs. *Sul.* Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the Town: Did you ever hear of a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound? If you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound, you'll find him somewhere within the Weekly Bills. Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures as the Poets have painted them in their Landschapes; every *Phillis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowing Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love. ——— Besides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd ——— But yonder, I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows--- Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both, is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you're the best Judge.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks;

thinks.——There's ſome Diverſion in a talking Block-head, and ſince a Woman muſt wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleaſure of hearing 'em rattle a little.——Now you ſhall ſee; but take this by the way, He came home this Morning at his uſual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a ſweet Dream of ſomething elſe, by tumbling over the Tea-Table, which he broke all to pieces; after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room, like ſick Paſſengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fiſhmonger's Baſket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greaſy as a Flannel Night-Cap---Oh Matrimony! Matrimony!——He toſſes up the Cloaths with a barbarous ſwing over his Shoulders, diſorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Noſe——O the Pleaſure of counting the melancholy Clock by a ſnoaring Huſband!——But now, Siſter, you ſhall ſee how handſomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes conſumedly.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you be pleaſed, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pſhaw!

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you pleaſe to dreſs, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What Day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. *Sunday*, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and, d'ye hear? ſet out the Veniſon-Paſty, and a Tankard of ſtrong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfaſt. [*Going.*

Dor.

Dor. Stay, ſtay, Brother, you ſha'n't get off ſo; you were very naught laſt Night, and muſt make your Wife Reparation: come, come, Brother, won't you aſk Pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk laſt night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. *Sul.* But I can't, Sir?

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. *Sul.* But I muſt tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. *Sul.* What is the reaſon, Sir, that you uſe me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to ſhave my Head. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet ſomething there that may turn the Edge of your Razor. [*Exit* Scrub.] Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know ſo hard, ſo obſtinate a Spleen as his? O Siſter, Siſter! I ſhall never ha' good of the Beaſt till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a Huſband.

Dor. And has not a Huſband the ſame Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. *Sul.* No, no, Child, 'tis a ſtanding Maxim in conjugal Diſcipline, that when a Man wou'd enſlave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Huſband, ſhe wheedles her Booby up to Town——A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, becauſe there are ſo many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda!* a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*; O' my Conſcience, ſhe may raiſe an Army of forty thouſand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Siſter, you have a Mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. *Sul.* The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor.

Dor. And ſome *Engliſh* that I know, Siſter, are not
rſe to ſuch Amuſements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Siſter, ſince the Truth muſt out, it may
as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouze
lethargick, ſottiſh Huſband, is to give him a Rival;
urity begets Negligence in all People, and Men muſt
alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are
Pictures, of no value in the hands of a Fool, till
hears Men of Senſe bid high for the Purchaſe.

Dor. This might do, Siſter, if my Brother's Under-
ding were to be convinc'd into a Paſſion for you;
I believe, there's a natural Averſion of his ſide,
I fancy, Siſter, that you don't come much behind
, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united Contradictions, Fire
Water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great
ny other Wives, to humour the cenſorious Vulgar,
give the World an Appearance of living well with
Huſband; cou'd I bring him but to diſſemble a little
dneſs to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, Siſter, but that inſtead
ouzing your Huſband by this Artifice to a counter-
Kindneſs, he ſhou'd awake in a real Fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him:——If I can't entice him to the
I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how muſt I behave myſelf between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You muſt aſſiſt me.

Dor. What, againſt my own Brother?

Mrs. Sul. He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire
nd: If I go a Step beyond the Bounds of Honour,
me; till then, I expect you ſhou'd go along with
in every thing; while I truſt my Honour in your
ds, you may truſt your Brother's in mine ——The
nt is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, Siſter, that I can't like
Man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your time is not come;
and Death have their Fatalities, and ſtrike home
ime or other: —— You'll pay for all one Day, I
warrant

warrant ye——But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *dress'd, and* Archer.

Aim. And was she the Daughter of the House?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *Je-ne-sçay-quoi*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubl'd with Vapours.

Aim. By which Discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives herself Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare my self, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd myself——But to our Business——You are so well dress'd *Tom*, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior Part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church, draws as many Gazers as a Blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whispers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment —Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him ——Then, I, Sir, tips me the Verger half a Crown he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the best Pew in the Church: I pull out my Snuff-Box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop, or Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my

Eyes

Eyes to hers, ſet my Noſe a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and ſhew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by perſuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and ſhe in good earneſt falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but inſtead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune; that's our Buſineſs at preſent.

Aim. Pſhaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.——Let me alone, for a Mark's-man.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um———I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Bleſſing by going to Church now?

Aim. Bleſſing! nay, *Frank*, I aſk but for a Wife! [*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreaſonable in his Demands. [*Exit at the oppoſite Door.*

Enter Boniface *and* Cherry.

Bon. Well, Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confeſs?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young, you know, Father, and I don't underſtand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was uſeleſs at five and twenty! Wou'd you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you his Silence confeſſes it, and his Maſter ſpends his Money ſo freely, and is ſo much a Gentleman every manner of way, that he muſt be a Highway-man.

Enter Gibbet *in a Cloak.*

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coaſt clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib. No matter, ask no Questions; all fair and honourable. Here my dear *Cherry*. [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest: And here—Three Wedding——or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the same, you know——Here, two Silver-hilted Swords: I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest Place in the Coach, but I found it out. This Gold Watch I took from a Pawnbroker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;——From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so 'faith I left her half a Crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Che. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's Under-Petticoat Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.——Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premisses.

Cher. I will secure 'em. [*Exit.*

Bon. But hearke, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot?*

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o' the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

Gib. The Devil! How d'ye smoak 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. To Church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon.

Bon. And the other is now in his Maſter's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other; we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin!* Mr. *Martin!*

Enter Archer *combing a Perriwig and ſinging.*

Gib. The Roads are conſumed deep; I'm as dirty as old *Brentford* at *Chriſtmas*——A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Maſter's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much——The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evaſions.——But pray, Sir, what is your Maſter's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Perriwig.*] This is the moſt obſtinate Curl——

Gib. I aſk you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir;——Tall, all, dall—I never aſk'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which way does your Maſter travel?

Arch. A Horſeback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender right——But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir! Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin*, you're very arch——This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Cheſter*, and you'd be glad of your Company, that's all——Come, Captain, you'll ſtay to-night, I ſuppoſe; I'll ſhew you Chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, Friend——

Arch. Captain, your Servant——Captain! a pretty Fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conſpire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen I wou'd have the Merit of the Discoverry all my own because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside*.] Mr *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whipp'd ou Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside*

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over th Catechize I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know no how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well; an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her unde the Chin*.] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linnen.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, an the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and To kens of that Passion?

Cher. A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Word improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impract cable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiss me.———Wha must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher. He must adore the Person that disdains him, h must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, an court the Footman that laughs at him!———He mus he must———.

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don mind your Lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay. He must treat his Enemies with Respe his Friends with Indifference, and all the World wi

Co

Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruin, and throw himself away

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine? Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well!——And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the Painters out of their Weakness or Privilege of their Art, chose to hide those Eyes they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiss me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the End of Love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Catechism.——And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*——You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it.

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is?

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:———Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then———

Arch. And then we shall go make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman; my Education was liberal, but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? a Parson?

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no; but—two thousand Pound you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?———But heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but———

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you persuade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound, let the Condition be what it wou'd——no, no, Sir,——but I hope you'll pardon the Freedoms I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*——Hold, Hold, and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will——In the mean while, be satisfied that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my Father——— [*Exit.*

Arch. So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his——let me see——two thousand Pounds! If the Wench wou'd promise to die when the Money were spent, I'gad, one wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-Keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil——there my Pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels Fall and twenty Faults beside;

On Earth, I'm ſure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride ſaves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.
[Exit.

The END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, *and* Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* HA, ha, ha, my dear Siſter, let me embrace thee; now we are Friends indeed; for I ſhall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine——now you'll be good for ſomething, I ſhall have you converſable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am ſo weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at firſt ſight?

Mrs. *Sul.* Pſhaw! now you ſpoil all; why ſhou'd not we be as free in our Friendſhips as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already; has avow'd his Paſſion, toaſted your Health, call'd you ten thouſand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing, in a Deſcription that warms their Mirth to a ſecond Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Siſter, I a'nt well.

Mrs. *Sul.* So—ſhe's Breeding already—come, Child, up with it—hem a little—ſo——now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we ſaw at Church juſt now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narciſſus*, a Star, the Man i' the Moon?

Dor. O Siſter, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. *Sul.* Shall I ſend to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaiſter to put to the Soles of your Feet? or ſhall I ſend to the Gentleman for ſomething for you?——Come, unlace your Stays, unboſome your-

ſelf—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I ſaw him when he firſt came into Church.

Dor. I ſaw him too, Siſter, and with an Air that ſhone, methought, like Rays about his Perſon.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well ſaid, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to ſet him off, no ſtudied Looks, nor artful Poſture,——but Nature did it all———

Mrs. *Sul.* Better and better——one Touch more——come———

Dor. But then his Looks—did you obſerve his Eyes?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, I did——his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they ſeem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me:———and then his Looks ſo humble were, and yet ſo noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he ſcorn'd Slavery any where elſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* The Phyſick works purely——How d'ye find your ſelf now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my Dear—O, here comes our *Mercury!* [*Enter* Scrub] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole Pacquet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the firſt place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. Secondly, I aſk'd what the Gentleman was? They anſwer'd and ſaid, That they never ſaw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? Their Anſwer was, they cou'd not tell. And Fifthly, I aſk'd whither he went? And they replied, they knew nothing of the Matter.—And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. *Sul.* But what do the People ſay? Can't they gueſs?

Scrub. Why, ſome think he's a Spy, ſome gueſs he's a Mountebank, ſome ſay one thing, ſome another; but for my own part, I believe he's a *Jeſuit.*

Dor.

Dor. A *Jesuit!* Why a *Jesuit?*

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks *French.*

Mrs. *Sul.* His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid-Leg, a Silver-headed Cane dangling at his Knuckles——he carries his Hands in his Pockets, and walks just so——[*Walks in a* French *Air.*] and has a fine long Perriwig tied up in a Bag——— Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of a Man than I.

Mrs. *Sul.* That may easily be——but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it———This Fellow has a World of Simplicity, and some Cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance———*Scrub!*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it wou'd be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale; because you're Butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every *Sunday.*

Mrs. *Sul.* O brave Sister! o' my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already:——'Tis the best Plot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own———so we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves. In the Country, you know, any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country-Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyſhip the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipſy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuſe your Waiting——Go where we order'd you.

SCENE *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer.

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Markſman.

Aim. A Markſman! who ſo blind cou'd be, as not diſcern a Swan among the Ravens!

Arch. Well but heark'e, *Aimwell.*

Aim. Aimwell! call me *Oroondates, Ceſario, Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll anſwer. O *Archer*, I read her Thouſands in her Looks; ſhe look'd like *Ceres* in her Harveſt; Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves, and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine, and Oil, lies there. In ſhort, ſhe has ten thouſand Pound, that's the *Engliſh* on't.

Aim. Her Eyes——

Arch. Are Demi-Cannons, to be ſure; ſo I won't ſtand their Battery. [*Going.*

Aim. Pray excuſe me, my Paſſion muſt have Vent.

Arch. Paſſion! what a plague, d'ye think theſe Romantick Airs will do our Buſineſs? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have ſomething more Romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes.

The Nymph, that with her twice ten hundred Pounds,
With brazen Engine hot, and Quoif clear ſtarch'd,
Can fire the Gueſt in warming of the Bed——

There's

There's a Touch of ſublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-kerper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fiſh; he keeps it at the End of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at laſt, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and ſo whips it into his Baſket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the Saying is——yonder's an honeſt Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go home with him and ſee his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Baſſemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my ſelf the Honour to wait on him immediately, as the Saying is.

Bon. I ſhall do your Worſhip's Commands, as the Saying is. [Exit *bowing obſequiouſly.*

Aim. What do I hear? ſoft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toſtida* ſing?

Arch. Pſhaw! damn your Raptures; I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Veſſel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You ſay, there's another Lady very handſome there.

Aim. Yes Faith.

Arch. I'm in Love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, Friend; all her Corn, Wine, and Oil, is ingroſs'd to my Market.——And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light, you ſhall go to the bottom.————What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruiſe for you! [*Exit.*

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't.——Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the Houſe? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the Saying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago.

Aim.

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where: Will you make him a Compliment from me, and tell him I ſhou'd be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who ſhall I tell him, Sir, wou'd——

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in——— I'm only a Traveller, like himſelf, and wou'd be glad of his Company; that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the Saying is. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot: What Title will you give your ſelf?

Aim. My Brother's, to be ſure; he wou'd never give me any thing elſe, ſo I'll make bold with his Honour this bout.——You know the reſt of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deſerve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never ſaw me before——I hope. [*Aſide.*

Arch. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of ſeeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I ſcorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I aſk your Pardon; you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be ſo bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental. [*Aſide.* You have ſerv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations; 'twas my Lot to be ſent into the worſt Service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Beſides, 'twas for the good of my Country that I ſhou'd be abroad:——Any thing for the good of one's Country:——I' m a *Roman* for that.

Aim.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my Life. [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A-cross the Country.——The Devil's in't, if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare——but I'm afraid he's not right; I must tack about. [*Aside.*

Aim. Is your Company to quarter at *Litchfield?*

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road ——for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highwaymen upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your Figure——But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be necessary———Then I presume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Enquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel; it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes the Drawers obedient.———And thus far I'm a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib.

Gib. O, Sir, you muſt excuſe me———upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it ſafe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the Saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make a third Man, if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or, is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Prieſt, and Chaplain to the *French* Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman?*

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Bruſſels*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a Prieſt! I won't be ſeen in his Company, Sir; I have a value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, ſince we are by our ſelves ——Can he ſpeak *Engliſh*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a Maſter of Languages, as the Saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you underſtand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface?*

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is; but he talks it ſo very faſt, that I'm ſure it muſt be good.

Aim. Pray, deſire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, Gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman!* Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your moſt faiahful Shervant, and yours alſho.

Gib.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you ıave a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *English* is very well for the vords, but we 'oreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about he Pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a downright Teague, by this Light, [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels:* I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation hat is not easily put out of Countenance.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute——— Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen——pray——that Door——

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Chuch is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is———

[Exit *foremost, they follow.*

SCENE *changes to a Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *House.*

Enter Archer *and* Scrub *singing, and hugging one another;* Scrub *with a Tankard in his Hand,* Gipsey *listning at a distance.*

Scrub. Tall, all, Dall——Come, my dear Boy——et us have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family: But will ou be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell;* he fought a Duel other Day in *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, hat he thinks fit to withdraw till he hear whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was

in

in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you shall have the whole Country up in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for——But if you should chance to talk now of this Business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll say no more——Come sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here——

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your Ladies Health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! Friend, Friend, I wish I had a Friend——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute——Give me a Kiss——And now Brother *Scrub*——

Scrub. And now Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand an end——You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsey*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat:——I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in love with her Person, or her Virtue, Brother *Scrub!*

Scrub. I should like Virtue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Virtue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Virtue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier——Pray, Brother how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;—'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:——Formerly I remember the good Days when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages; and if they refus'd to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go if we talk of eating: for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune—I dare not speak in the House while that Jade, *Gipsey*, dings about like a Fury——Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why the Mother of all this Mischief is a Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers and eat up our Provisions——There's not a Day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this House.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lyes as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipsey*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend——For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papist—But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for ſome private Ends of their own too, to be ſure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*; I ſuppoſe the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the beſt on 'em, that's the truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curioſity, by giving me ſo much Buſineſs, that I'm a perfect Slave—What do you think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I ſuppoſe.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you —— I'll tell you——Of a *Monday* I drive the Coach, of a *Tueſday* I drive the Plough, on *Wedneſday* I follow the Hounds, a *Thurſday* I dun the Tenants, on *Friday* go to Market, on *Saturday* I draw Warrants, and a *Sunday* draw Beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! If Variety be a Pleaſure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother——But what Ladies are thoſe?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs. *Sullen*, the other is Mrs. *Dorinda*——Don't mind 'em, ſit ſtill, Man ————

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they ſay that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impoſſible, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* He's vaſtly rich, and very cloſe, they ſay.

Dor. No matter for that; If I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breaſt, I warrant him: I have heard ſay, that People may be gueſs'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants, I could wiſh we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. *Sul.* So do I; for I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw a Lure for him preſently.

[*They walk a turn towards the oppoſite ſide of the Stage. Mrs.* Sullen *drops her Fan,* Archer *runs, takes it up, and gives it her.*

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil indeed——But, I think, the Wife has the greateſt Plenty of Fleſh and Blood: ſhe ſhou'd

ſhou'd be my Choice——Ay, ay, ſay you ſo—Madam ——Your Ladyſhip's Fan.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Sir, I thank you——What a handſome Bow the Fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known ſeveral Footmen come down from *London*, ſet up here for Dancing-Maſters, and carry off the beſt Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. [*Aſide.*] That Project, for aught I know, had been better than ours——Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the ſtrange Gentleman's Servant that you ſaw at Church to-day; I underſtood he came from *London*, and ſo I invited him to the Cellar, that he might ſhew me the neweſt Flouriſh in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyſhip's Liquor is a little too potent for the Conſtitution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. *Sul.* What then you don't uſually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my conſtant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis preſcrib'd me by the Phyſicians for a Remedy againſt the Spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!—A Footman have the Spleen.—

Mrs. *Sul.* I thought that Diſtemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Faſhions it wears out, and ſo deſcends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from ſome melancholy Particles in the Blood, occaſion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks! ——How long, pray, have you ſerv'd your preſent Maſter?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been moſtly ſpent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. *Sul.* And pray which Service do you like beſt?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay beſt; the Honour of ſerving them is ſufficient Wages: there is a Charm in their Looks that delivers a Pleaſure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* That Flight was above the Pitch of a Livery; and Sir, wou'd not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As Groom of the Chambers, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. *Sul.* I suppose you serv'd as Footman before?

Arch. For that Reason I would not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in *London:* My Lady *Howd'ye*, the last Mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. *Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the Concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was accessary at a certain time to the Disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her Knowledge are of more Importance———

Mrs. *Sul.* } Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done ———The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour long; so happen'd to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable.

Dor. The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw.——But, Friend, if your Master be married, ——I presume you still serve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a married Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd.———My Lord is not married, I find. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sul.* But I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam——I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam————I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely——I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack-a-day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin.*

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion or Humour?

Scrub. O la! He has the purest Ballad about a Trifle.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Trifle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But since you command me————

[*Sings to the Tune of Sir* Simon *the King.*

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended, &c.

Mrs. *Sul,* Very well, Sir, we are oblig'd to you—— Something for a Pair of Gloves.

[*Offering him Money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hands, without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands. [*Exit.*

Dor. This is surprizing: Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion, to bear him Company in this Dress, and who ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. *Sul.* It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so---- For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place: and so I chose him to serve me

me in my Design upon my Husband——But I shou'd like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. *Sul.* Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd! ——— Wou'd you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing time—Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you, or deserves you, he'll find a Way to see you, and there we must leave it————My Business comes now upon the *Tapis*————have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. *Sul.* He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes————

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What Singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Singing in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. *Sul.* I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

Sul. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. *Sul.* Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs. *Sul.* And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath why can't you be silent?

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Sdeath why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. *Sul.* Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e——[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late.

Mrs. *Sul.* What did he whisper to you?

Dor.

Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him —— But let me beg once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count; vanish.

[*Exit* Dorinda.

* Enter Count *Bellair.*

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, *that I was not at Church this Afternoon?*

Count. *I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare lift those Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.*

Mrs. Sul. *If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes the Power of killing, with the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.*

Count. *O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy, as to give the Wound* —— *Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy; there a Ransom may redeem me; but from your Fetters I never shall get free.*

Mrs. Sul. *Alas, Sir! Why shou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains myself? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that Particular that might give you Ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War* —— *of War indeed* —— *I have given my Parole of Honour; would you break yours to gain your Liberty?*

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* This Scene printed in *Italick,* with the entire Part of the *Count,* was cut out by the Author, after the first Night's Representation; and where he shou'd enter in the last Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of *Foigard.*

Count.

Count. *Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner a mong the* Turks; *dis is your Case, you're a Slave, Ma dam, Slave to the worst of* Turks; *a Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *There lies my Foible, I confess; no Fortifica tions, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy, can pretend t defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour force the Garison to mutiny.*

Count. *And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die befor de Place* —— *Here will I fix;* [Kneels] *with Tears Vows, and Prayers, assault your Heart, and never ris till you surrender; or if I must storm* ——— *Love an St.* Michael——— *and so I begin the Attack*———

Mrs. Sul. *Stand off*——*Sure he hears me not;*——— *and I cou'd almost wish*——*he did not*——— *The Fel low makes Love very prettily.* [Aside.] *But, Sir, wh should you put such a Value upon my Person, when yo see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?*

Count. *He knows it not, though he possesses it; if he bu knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he wou' always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in hi Arms.*

Mrs. Sul. *But since he throws me unregarded fron him*———

Count. *And one that knows your Value well, come by, and takes you up, is it not Justice?*

[Goes to lay hold of he

Enter *Sullen* with his Sword drawn.

Sul. *Hold, Villain, hold.*

Mrs. Sul. [Presenting a Pistol.] *Do you hold.*

Sul. *What! Murther your Husband, to defend you Bully?*

Mrs. Sul. *Bully! For shame, Mr.* Sullen, *Bullies wea long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Prisone you know*——*I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar this to receive your Violence; and, if occasion were, preserve myself against the Force of this other Gent man.*

Count. *O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire-arms th your Pistol; they never miss.*

Su

Sul. *What! court my Wife to my Face!*

Mrs. Sul. *Pray Mr.* Sullen, *put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.*

Sul. *To give time to invent an Excuse.*

Mrs. Sul. *I need none.*

Sul. *No, for I heard every Syllable of your Discourse.*

Count. *Ah! And begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty.*

Mrs. Sul. *Then, I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.*

Sul. *Barbarity! Oons, what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?*

Mrs. Sul. *No.*

Sul. *As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.*

Count. *Ah, begar, so must I.*

Sul. *Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.*

Mrs. Sul. *Sir, I thank you kindly; you wou'd allow me the Sin, but rob me of the Pleasure.——No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime, without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.*

Sul. *Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any body else do you the Favour but that* Frenchman, *for I mortally hate his whole Generation.* [Exit.

Count. *Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful; for begar, I love some of yours: Madam———*

Mrs. Sul. *No, Sir———*

Count. *No, Sir!———Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir;—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you Instrumental in setting me right with my Husband; for he was planted to listen by my Appointment.*

Count. *By your Appointment?*

Mrs. Sul. *Certainly.*

Count. *And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.*

Mrs. Sul. *I ask your Pardon, Sir; but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Virtue of the* English *Ladies.*

Count. *Begar, Madam, your Virtue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeste be vera little.*

Enter *Dorinda.*

Mrs. Sul. *Nay, now you're angry, Sir.*

Count. *Angry! Fair* Dorinda, [Sings fair *Dorinda* the Opera Tune, and addresses to *Dorinda.*] *Madam, when your Ladyship wants a Fool, send for me: Fair* Dorinda, Revenge, *&c.* [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. *There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the Height of Anger in a Song——Well, Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.*

Dor. *And I bring in my Brother guilty.*

Mrs. Sul. *But I must bear the Punishment——'Tis hard, Sister.*

Dor. *I own it—but you must have Patience.*

Mrs. Sul. *Patience! The Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy——shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoak I can shake off, I were accessary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than Self-Murther.*

Dor. *But how can you shake off the Yoke?——Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.*

Mrs. Sul. *Law! What Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature? what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock?——Can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgement upon Antipathies?*

Dor. *They never pretended, Sister; they never meddle, but in case of Uncleanness.*

Mrs. Sul. *Uncleanness! O Sister! Casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd; but can' radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd?—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite,*

oppoſite, not all the Golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law, can keep 'em faſt.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But ſuch as Heav'n ordain'd it firſt to be;
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth, and Air we know,
All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Muſt Man, the chiefeſt Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endleſs Diſcord to repine?
No, we ſhou'd injure Heav'n by that Surmiſe;
Omnipotence is juſt, were Man but wiſe.

The END *of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* WERE I born an humble *Turk*, where Women have no Soul nor Property, there I muſt lit contented.——But in *England*, a Country whoſe Women are its Glory, muſt Women be abus'd? Where Women rule, muſt Women be enſlav'd? Nay, cheated into Slavery? mock'd by a Promiſe of comfortable Society into a Wilderneſs of Solitude?—— I dare not keep the Thought about me.——O! here comes ſomething to divert me——

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come a'n't pleaſe your Ladyſhip——you're my Lady *Bountiful*, a'n't ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come ſeventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Huſband's ſore Leg.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Huſband! what, Woman, cure your Huſband!

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his ſore Leg won't let him ſtir from home.

Mrs. *Sul.* There, I confeſs you have given me a Reaſon. Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you muſt do——You muſt lay your Huſband's Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-knife you muſt lay it open as broad as you can, then you muſt take out the Bone, and beat the Fleſh ſoundly with a Rolling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace, and Ginger, ſome Sweet-herbs, and ſeaſon it very well; then roll it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyſhip——I have two little Babies too that are piteous bad with the Graips, a'n't pleaſe ye.

Mrs. *Sul.* Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. [*Enter Lady* Bountiful.] I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon for taking your Buſineſs out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L. *Boun.* Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature; I am the Perſon that you want, I ſuppoſe—What wou'd you have, Woman?

Mrs. *Sul.* She wants ſomething for her Huſband's ſore Leg.

L. *Bount.* What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come firſt, as one might ſay, with a ſort of Dizzineſs in his Foot, then he had a kind of Lazineſs in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it ſwell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it feſter'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worſe again.

Mrs. *Sul.* Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Bount.* How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. *Sul.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. *Bount.* The worst Reason in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity others.

Mrs. *Sul.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. *Bount.* What! would you wish your Husband sick?

Mrs. *Sul.* Not of a sore Leg, of all things.

L. *Bount.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband——But d'ye hear, Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam; the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie still. [*Exit.*

L. *Bount.* Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. *Sul.* Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription.

L. *Bount.* Fancy helps in some Cases; but there's your Husband, who has as little Fancy as any body, I brought him from Death's door.

Mrs. *Sul.* I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Ass's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, *runs to Mrs.* Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Sister, News, News!

Enter Archer, *running.*

Arch. Where, where is my Lady *Bountiful?*——Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

L. *Bount.* I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

L. *Boun.* Your Maſter! Where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handſome Houſe to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a ſudden with a ſort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. *Boun.* Here, *Scrub*, *Gipſey*, all run, get my Eaſy-Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyſhip for this charitable Act.

L. *Boun.* Is your Maſter us'd to theſe Fits?

Arch. O Yes, Madam, frequently;—I have known him have five or ſix of a Night.

L. *Boun.* What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may ſave or deſtroy his Life.

L. *Boun.* Ah, poor Gentleman! Come, Friend, ſhew me the way; I'll ſee him brought in my ſelf.

[Exit *with* Archer.

Dor. O, Siſter, my Heart flutters about ſtrangely; I can hardly forbear running to his Aſſiſtance.

Mrs. *Sul.* And I'll lay my Life he deſerves your Aſſiſtance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his Diſtemper, and you muſt be the Phyſician; put on all your Charms, ſummon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks againſt his Breaſt, and down with him.

Dor. O, Siſter, I'm but a young Gunner, I ſhall be afraid to ſhoot, for fear the Piece ſhou'd recoil, and hurt my ſelf.

Mrs. *Sul.* Never fear; you ſhall ſee me ſhoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Siſter, you have miſs'd your Mark ſo unfortunately, that I ſhan't care for being inſtructed by you.

Enter

Enter Aimwell *in a Chair, carried by* Archer *and* Scrub. *Lady* Bountiful, Gipsey. Aimwell *counterfeiting a Swoon.*

L. *Boun.* Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn Drops—*Gipsey*, a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd!

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?——Pray, Madam, [*To* Dorinda.] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his Head. [Dorinda *takes his Hand.*

Dor. Poor Gentleman———Oh——he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully.——

L. *Boun.* 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases——he'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand! my Hand!

L. *Boun.* What's the matter with the Foolish Girl? I have got his Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. *Sul.* I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sort of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find my self extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs.* Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. *Boun.* His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam:——Pray, young Lady, open his Breast and give him Air.

L. *Boun.* Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at Church, Madam.

L. *Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

L. *Bount.* Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By ſoft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it ſo beautiful, and dreſs'd it up in ſuch gay, pleaſing Colours, that his tranſported Appetite ſeiz'd the fair Idea, and ſtraight convey'd it to his Heart. That hoſpitable Seat of Life ſent all its ſanguine Spirits forth to meet it, and open'd all its fluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. *Bount.* Your Maſter ſhou'd never go without a Bottle to ſmell to——Oh! ——he recovers——the Lavender-Water——ſome Feathers to burn under his Noſe——Hungary-water to rub his Temples—— O, he comes to himſelf. Hem a little, Sir, hem——— *Gipſey*, bring the Cordial-Water.

[Aimwell *ſeems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How do you do, Sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Riſing.*

Sure I have paſs'd the Gulph of Silent Death,
And now am landed on the *Elyſian* Shore——
Behold the Goddeſs of thoſe happy Plains,
Fair *Proſerpine*—let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to* Dorinda, *and kiſſes her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* So, ſo, ſo, I knew where the Fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice, perhaps———

How could thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee?
No Treaſure but thy ſelf could ſure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. *Bount.* Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord—How does your Lordſhip?

L. *Bount.* Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir——You were taken juſt now with one of your old Fits, under the Trees, juſt by this good Lady's Houſe; her Ladyſhip had you taken in, and has miraculouſly brought you to your ſelf, as you ſee———

Aim.

Aim. I am ſo confounded with ſhame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon————And refer my Acknowledgement for your Ladyſhip's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making ſome amends——I dare be no longer troubleſome——*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going ſo ſoon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

Here Archer *talks to Lady* Bountiful *in Dumb-ſhew.*

Aim. That I ſhall never be, Madam; my preſent Illneſs is ſo rooted, that I muſt expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. *Sul.* Don't deſpair, Sir; I have known ſeveral in your Diſtemper ſhake it off with a Fortnight's Phyſick.

L. *Bount.* Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapſe if you go into the Air--Your good Manners ſhan't get the better of ours——You ſhall ſit down again, Sir: ———Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country——Here, Sir, my Service t'ye——You ſhall taſte my Water; 'tis a Cordial, I can aſſure you, and of my own making—Drink it off, Sir: [Aimwell *drinks.*] And how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—tho' very faint ſtill.

L. *Bount.* Ay, ay, People are always faint after theſe Fits. Come, Girls, you ſhall ſhew the Gentleman the Houſe; 'tis but an old Family Building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air——You'll find ſome tolerable Pictures.——*Dorinda*, ſhew the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I muſt go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, ſhall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he underſtands Pictures very well.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, we underſtand Originals as well as he does Pictures, ſo he may come along.

[*Ex.* Dor. *Mrs.* Sul. Aim. Arch. Aim. *leads* Dor.

Enter Foigard *and* Scrub, *meeting.*

Foig. Saave you, Maſter *Scrub.*

Scrub. Sir, I won't be ſav'd your way——I hate a Prieſt, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the Devil——Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will ſpill the laſt drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Maſter *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and ſo I wou'd be ſpeaking with Mrs. *Gipſey*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Prieſt, you can't ſpeak with her; ſhe's ſick, Sir; ſhe's gone abroad, Sir; ſhe's——dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipſey.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk ſo ſaucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the Common People of *England* are not ſo civil to Strangers, as———

Scrub. You lye, you lye;——'tis the common People, ſuch as you are, that are civilleſt to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to———Get you out, I ſay.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You wo'n't, Sauce-box——Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn laſt Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there ſhe hampers me again;--the Captain has me on one ſide, and the Prieſt on t'other:—So between the Gown and Sword, I have a fine time on't.——But, *Cedant arma togæ*. [*Going.*

Gip. What, Sirrah, wo'n't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I wo'n't march——but I'll walk:——And I'll make bold to liſten a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-Scene, and liſtens.*

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarouſly treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipſey*, upon my Shoul, now *Gra*, his Complainings wou'd mollify the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiſſeration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fiſtles, and he ſwears, and he laughs, and he ſtamps, and he ſings: In concluſion, Joy, he's afflicted, *a la François*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig.

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. *Sullen*'s Closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your Shame, and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it——If you receive the Money before-hand 'twill be *Logicè* a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*.——But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, *Gra*, and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet——

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closhet? one may go to Prayers in a Closhet.

Gip. But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vell den——the Parties must be responsible.——Do you be gone, after putting the Count in the Closet, and leave the Shins wid themselves——I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure--methinks I'm so easy after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much Security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't.——Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late——I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand: I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?——There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters.

Enter

Enter Aimwell, *leading* Dorinda, *and making Love in Dumb-Show.*——*Mrs.* Sul. *and* Archer.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, [*To* Archer.] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda.*——You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make Love——

Mrs. *Sul.* But what think you there of *Alexander*'s Battels?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battels, and a greater General of our own—— The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Ramellies* to match their *Arbela.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. *Sul.* What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam, [*Bowing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. *Sul.* Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark——He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. *Sul.* If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. *Sul.* How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. *Sul.* Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet —How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you——But methinks, Madam, ——[*He looks at the Picture and Mrs.* Sullen, *three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. *Sul.* A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here* Aimwell *and* Dorinda *go off.*

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam! Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling Moisture, shining Fluid, in which they swim? The Picture, in-

indeed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that ſhould ambuſh there? The Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeneſs that tempts the Taſte in the Original?

Mrs. *Sul.* Had it been my Lot to have match'd with ſuch a Man! [*Aſide.*

Arch. Your Breaſts too; preſumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *A propo*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmoneus*, that was ſtruck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove*'s Thunder; I hope you ſerv'd the Painter ſo, Madam.

Mrs. *Sul.* Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they ſhou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the fineſt Bed in that Room, Madam? I ſuppoſe 'tis your Ladyſhip's Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. *Sul.* And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richeſt that ever I ſaw. —— I can't at this diſtance, Madam, diſtinguiſh the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil take his Impudence- -Sure, if I gave him an Opportunity, he durſt not offer it——I have a great mind to try.----[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?——And alone too!——Siſter, Siſter!

Arch. I'll follow her cloſe————

For where a Frenchman *durſt attempt to ſtorm,*
A Briton, *ſure, may well the Work perform.* [Going.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. O Brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going: Here's a Guinea my Maſter order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea! hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! —— by this Light it is a Guinea; but I ſuppoſe you expect one and twenty Shillings in Change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipſey.*

Scr. A Guinea for her! Fire and Faggot for the Witch! ——Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll diſcover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub.

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot——First, it must be a Plot, because there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't: Thirdly, it must be a Plot, because there's *French* Gold in't: And Fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arth. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub.*

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle.——This I know, that there has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one hand, and an Absolution in the other, and *Gipsey* has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Bustle about *Gipsey?*

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Closet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen?*

Scrub. I did hear some Word that sounded that way; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one Word, *pro* nor *con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a-foot between the Count and the Lady.——The Priest and the Chamber-Maid are Plenipotentiaries.——It shall go hard, but I find a way to be included in the Treaty. Where's the Doctor now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsey* are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Aim. [*From without.*] *Martin! Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scr. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [Exeunt *severally*] I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipsey*; and if you shou'd set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *meeting.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs. *Sul.* What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. *Sul.* Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty degrees than his Master.

Dor. O' my Conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mrs. *Sul.* O' my Conscience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his room?

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. *Sul.* Thou dear censorious Country-Girl——What dost mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. *Sul.* How a little Love and Conversation improve a Woman! Why, Child, you begin to live——you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. *Sul.* You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and he's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as he that believes him in any thing else——But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done——What did your Fellow say to ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her self.

Mrs. *Sul.* Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly; I shou'd have believ'd him a Madman in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. *Sul.* And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. *Sul.* Mine ſwore to die with me.

Dor. Mine ſpoke the ſofteſt moving things.

Mrs. *Sul.* Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiſs'd my Hand ten thouſand times.

Mrs. *Sul.* Mine has all that Pleaſure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The ſharpeſt Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Siſter; ——Why, my ten thouſand Pounds may lie brooding here this ſeven Years, and hatch nothing at laſt but ſome ill-natur'd Clown like yours:——Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noiſe, and Flambeaux.—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell*'s Servants there——Lights, Lights to the Stairs——My Lady *Aimwell*'s Coach; put forward—Stand by; make room for her Ladyſhip.——Are not theſe things moving? What! melancholy of a ſudden?

Mrs. *Sul.* Happy, happy Siſter! your Angel has been watchful for your Happineſs, whilſt mine has ſlept regardleſs of his Charge—Long ſmiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weeps.*

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of ſomething elſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* O *Dorinda*, I own my ſelf a Woman full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—eaſy and yielding to ſoft Deſire; a ſpacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge: And muſt the fair Apartment of my Breaſt be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Huſband, I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. *Sul.* Huſband! No,—Even Huſband is too ſoft a Name for him—But come, I expect my Brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my Father married me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me eaſy.

Dor. Will you promiſe not to make your ſelf eaſy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. *Sul.* You miſtake me, Siſter—It happens with us, as among the Men, the greateſt Talkers are the greateſt Cowards; and there's a Reaſon for it; thoſe Spirits are ſpent in Prattle, which might do more Miſchief if they

they took another Course——Tho', to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;——And if I met him dress't as he should be, and I undrest as I should be——Look'e, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;——I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,——tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer *laughing.*

Arch. And the awkard Kindness of the good Motherly old Gentlewoman.——

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one——'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's-breadth beyond Discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *White*'s, *Tom*'s, or *Will*'s, and be stinted to bare looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the Mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning:——Damn it, I had rather spunge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a Dish of Bohea scor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be obliged to sneak into the Side-box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play; and because we ha'n't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thousand rascally Tricks——had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.——But now——

Arch.

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the Iron is hot—This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman.*

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love—Egad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of myself, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of our selves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*——If the Plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the Gentleman———But here comes the Doctor: I shall be ready.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. Foigard! A very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland?*

Foig. Ireland! No, Joy—Fat sort of Plaace is dat saam *Ireland?* dey say de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here when they're old;——as for Example——[*Takes* Foigard *by the shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French* Army: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England!* de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England!* Ubooboo———

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig.

Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidenſh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never ſpeak *Engliſh* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence——Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue*] Saave you, my dear Cuſſen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my ſhoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aſide.*]*Mynhere, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick Univerſton ewe neat, ſacramant.*

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Perſon, and will ſwear to your Face.

Foig. Faaſh! Fey, is dere a Brogue upon my Faaſh too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere iſh Joy———But, Cuſſen *Mackſhane*, vil you not put a Remembrance upon me.

Foig. *Mackſhane!* By St. *Patrick*, dat iſh my Naame ſhure enough.

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy——By fat Acquaintance are you my Cuſſen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your ſhelf, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foſter-Moder's Son was married upon my Nurſe's Chiſter, Joy, and ſo we are *Iriſh* Cuſſens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I think it was——Aay——'twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. Now, upon my Shoul, Joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us——Self-confeſſion——Come, Sir, we muſt deliver you into the Hands of the next Magiſtrate.

Arch. He ſends you to Goal, you're tried next Aſſizes, and away you go ſwing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it ſo wid you, Cuſſen?

Arch. It vil be ſo wid you, Cuſſen, if you don't immediately confeſs the Secret between you and Mrs.

Gipſey

Gipsey————Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret; take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! upon my Shoul I hate that shame Gallows, for it is a Diseash dat is fatal to our Family—Vel, den, there is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs *Sullen* would speak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight; and dere is no harm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash my self.

Arch. As I guess'd————Have you communicated the Matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then Doctor,————you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Foig. Fat, my Cussen to the Lady! Upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor; consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along. [*Exeunt*

Foig. Arra the Devil taake our Relashion.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow, *and* Bagshot *at one Door*; Gibbet *at the opposite.*

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for Enterprize.

Hounf. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has shew'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainicoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, Cups and Cans, Tumblers and Tankards—There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a Present to the 'Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an *East-India* Ship.

Hounf. Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head

Bon

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounſlow*, as the Saying is——At one nd of the Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her aughter; and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*——As for the quire————

Gib. He's ſafe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and e's more than half Seas over already——But ſuch a arcel of Scoundrels are about him now, that, I'gad, was aſham'd to be ſeen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is——Gentlemen, you muſt ſet out at One.

Gib. *Hounſlow*, do you and *Bagſhot* ſee our Arms x'd, and I'll come to you preſently.

Hounſ. and *Bag.* We will. [*Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you aſſure me that *Scrub* a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can aſſure you, Friend, there's a great eal of Addreſs and good Manners in robbing a Lady; am the moſt a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd he Road——But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be Galleon, a *Vigo* Buſineſs——I warrant you, we ſhall ring off three or four thouſand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels, and Money, as the Saying is, ou may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee; I'll get up to Town, ſell off my Horſe and Arms, buy my ſelf ſome retty Employment in the Law, and be as ſnug and as oneſt as e'er a long Gown of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—Cherry *is the Goddeſs adore*, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man nd Wife ſhould never have it in their power to hang ne another; for if they ſhould, the Lord have mercy n 'em both. [*Exeunt.*

The END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *continues. Knocking without.*

Enter Boniface.

Bon. COming, coming——A Coach and ſix foamin Horſes at this time o' Night! Some grea Man, as the Saying is, for he ſcorns to travel wit other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir *Ch.* What, Fellow! A publick Houſe, and a-bed when other People ſleep?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a-bed, as the Saying is.

Sir *Ch.* I ſee that, as the Saying is! Is Mr. *Sullen'* Family a-bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the 'Squire himſelf, Sir, as the Sayin is, he's in the Houſe.

Sir *Ch.* What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Conſtable, Mr. *Gage* th Exciſeman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or thre other Gentlemen.

Sir *Ch.* I find my Siſter's Letters gave me the tru Picture of her Spouſe.

Enter Sullen *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me aſleep——Sir.

Sir *Ch.* Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man——I have thre thouſand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drin a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir *Ch.* That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir,——And unleſs you have pity on me and ſmoke one Pipe with me, I muſt e'en go hom

t

o my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir *Ch.* But I presume, Sir, you wo'n't see your Wife to-night, she'll be gone to Bed——you don't use o lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you ake me for an Atheist, or a Rake?

Sir *Ch.* If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better e from her.

Sul. I think so too, Friend——But I am a Justice f Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir *Ch.* Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those or whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Goal, ou must lie there, my Friend.

Sir *Ch.* Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I married?

Sir *Ch.* Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you iust disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh!——I must be acquainted with you, Sir:——But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the 'ruth of this Matter.

Sir *Ch.* Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there e that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom n't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Underanding may'n't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea f Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a fan to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the ounty.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is, lk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd efore.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one uestion: Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir *Ch.* You and your Wife, Mr. *Gats*, may be one lesh, because you are nothing else——But rational reatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir

Sir *Ch.* Ay, Minds, Sir; don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body!

Sul. In ſome People

Sir *Ch.* Then the Intereſt of the Maſter muſt be conſulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you ſhall dine with me to-morrow——— Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir *Ch.* I know that my two Hands are naturally one, becauſe they love one another, kiſs one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I could not ſay ſo much, if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir *Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* With all my heart.

Sul. You ſhall have her to-morrow Morning, and a Veniſon-Paſty into the Bargain.

Sir *Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel to her Fortune——I only hate the Woman, Sir; and none but the Woman ſhall go.

Sir *Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir———

Sul. Can you play at Whiſk, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir *Ch.* Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aſide.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but Two a-clock.

Sir *Ch.* For half an Hour, Sir, if you pleaſe——— But you muſt conſider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reaſon I can't go to Bed——— Come, Sir———

Enter Cherry, *runs acroſs the Stage, and knocks at* Aimwell's *Chamber-door. Enter* Aimwell *in his Night cap and Gown.*

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, Child, you'r frighted?

Cher. No wonder, Sir——But in ſhort, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady *Bountiful*'s Houſe.

Aim.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir; I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things, to your Man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole House, and can't find him: where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my heart, Sir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well——

Aim. Dorinda! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own——Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady* Bountiful's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *undress'd; a Table and Lights.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, Sister; no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. *Sul.* No; I'm condemn'd to be alone 'till towards Four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

Mrs. *Sul.* I don't know what to do:—Hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs. *Sul.* This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here! what in my Bed-chamber, at two a-clock i'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet——O gad, Sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you——So, my Dear, good night. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* A good Reſt to my dear *Dorinda.* ——— Thoughts free! are they ſo? Why then ſuppoſe him here, dreſs'd like a youthful, gay, and burning Bridegroom; [*Here* Archer *ſteals out of the Cloſet.*] with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one ſide, and ſees* Archer *in the Poſture ſhe deſcribes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other ſide of the Stage.*] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit? ——What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [*Riſing.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How ſhall I be ſure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonſtration this Minute. [*Takes her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* In the Name of Wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam——I'm a *Jupiter* in Love, and you ſhall be my *Alcmena.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam; your Couſin *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Siſter *Venus* open'd the Caſement.

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm ſtruck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks paſſionately at her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful ſhe looks!——The teeming jolly Spring ſmiles in her blooming Face, and when ſhe was conceiv'd, her Mother ſmelt to Roſes, look'd on Lillies——

Lillies unfold their White, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms.

[*Runs to her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll raiſe the Houſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I'll bear this. ——What! Approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper! I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be Impudence, [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial ſelf; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, painful

ful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. *Sul.* Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate Engineer; not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart——Rise, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs, and Tears——But go no farther. ——Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you——but——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal Hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this Minute——If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. *Sul.* Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. *Sul.* To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secresy, all conspire — And the now conscious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happiness. [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs. *Sul.* You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to-morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. *Sul.* My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. *Sul.* You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Thieves, Thieves, Murder——

Enter Scrub, *in his Breeches and one Shoe.*

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time. [*Draws, and offers to stab* Scrub.

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, Sir, ſpare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Holding* Archer's *Hand.*] What does the Fellow mean?

Scrub. O Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues——I beg your Pardon, one of the honeſt Gentlemen that juſt now are broke into the Houſe.

Arch. How!

Mrs. *Sul.* I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' ſpar'd; but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and ſo he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. *Sul.* The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam.*

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they are broke into the Houſe with Fire and Sword; I ſaw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, Sir, I think ſo.

Mrs. *Sul.* What ſhall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wiſh your Ladyſhip a good Night.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone juſt now, upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. *Sul.* Nay, but pray, Sir——

[*Takes hold of him.*

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be raviſh'd——You ſee now, Madam, you muſt uſe Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the Benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it——How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Piſtol, Sir.

Arch.

Arch. Hush! — I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery —— Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my Life.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Life! no Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the Appearance of 'em?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, since I have escaped your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses* Archer.

Arch. This way——Here———

[Archer *and* Scrub *hide behind the Bed.*

Enter Gibbet *with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in t'other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. *Sul.* Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*] These Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam; I'm the most of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady!——I have a Veneration——for this Necklace——[*Here* Archer *having come round, and seiz'd the Pistol, takes* Gibbet *by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub?*

Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I muſt kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! Sir; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to ſecure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir, kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipſey*'s Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither preſently.

[*Exit* Scrub *running.*

Come, Rogue, if you have a ſhort Prayer, ſay it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to ſay Prayers for us on theſe Occaſions.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, don't kill him —— You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog ſhall die, Madam, for being the occaſion of my Diſappointment —— Sirrah, this Moment is your laſt.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred Pounds to ſpare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Raſcal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command four hundred; but I muſt reſerve two of 'em to ſave my Life at the Seſſions.

Enter Scrub *aud* Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor; I ſuppoſe *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him ——— Lay hold of him, Doctor. [Foigard *lays hold of* Gibbet.

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Prieſt already ——— Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I vil ſecure your Body and your Shoul too: I vil make you a good Catholick, and give you an Abſolution.

Gib. Abſolution! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy ————

Gib. Then you and your Abſolution may go to the Devil.

Arch.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him: ———Take the Piſtol, and if he offers to reſiſt, ſhoot him thro' the Head———and come back to us with all the Speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him faſt, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. *Sul.* But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In ſhort, Madam———[*Shrieking without*] 'Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies——I'm vex'd I parted with the Piſtol; but I muſt fly to their Aſſiſtance——Will you ſtay here, Madam, or venture your ſelf with me?

Mrs. *Sul.* Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and* Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Hounſlow *dragging the Lady* Bountiful, *and* Bagſhot *hawling in* Dorinda; *the Rogues with Swords drawn.*

Hounſ. Come, come, your Jewels, Miſtreſs.

Bagſh. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell *and* Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durſt engage an Army in ſuch a Cauſe. [*He engages 'em both.*

Dor. O, Madam! had I but a Sword to help the brave Man!

L. *Bount.* There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one, however. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird, pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown down, and diſarmed.*

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father! I muſt give him timely Notice. [*Runs out.*

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter. [*To Mrs.* Sullen, *who ſtands by him.*

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath: Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I ſuppoſe.

Arch. Right, right; the Rogue's Deſtiny, a Rope to hang himſelf——Come, my Lord,——this is but a ſcandalous ſort of an Office; [*Binding the Rogues together*] if our Adventures ſhou'd end in this ſort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is ſomething in proſpect that——[*Enter* Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, have you ſecur'd your *Tartar?*

Scrub. Yes, Sir; I left the Prieſt and him diſputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry theſe Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controverſy. [*Delivers the Priſoners to* Scrub, *who leads 'em out.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Siſter, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. *Sul.* I'll tell you the greateſt Piece of Villany—— [*They talk in dumb Shew.*

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more ſucceſsful in your Adventures than the Houſe-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.——Preſs her this minute to marry you,——now, while ſhe's hurried between the Palpitation of her Fear and the Joy of her Deliverance; now, while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood;——throw your ſelf at her Feet, ſpeak ſome *Romantick* Nonſenſe or other;——addreſs her, like *Alexander* in the Height of his Victory; confound her Senſes, bear down her Reaſon, and away with her:——The Prieſt is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuſe to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how ſhall I get off without being obſerv'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off:——Let me ſee.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Buſineſs——I'll amuſe the old Lady and Mrs. *Sullen* about dreſſing my Wound, while you carry off *Dorinda.*

L. *Boun.* Gentlemen, cou'd we underſtand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services————.

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. *Boun.* and Mrs. *Sul.* How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure.————

[*Makes Love in dumb Shew.*

L. *Boun.* Let me ſee your Arm, Sir——I muſt have ſome Powder-ſugar to ſtop the Blood ——O me! An ugly Gaſh; upon my word, Sir, you muſt go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well—— Madam, [*To Mrs.* Sullen] will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. *Boun.* Do, do, Daughter,——while I get the Lint, and the Probe, and the Plaiſter ready.

[*Runs out one way,* Aimwell *carries off* Dorinda *another.*

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands.

Mrs. *Sul.* How can you, after what is paſt, have the Confidence to aſk me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is paſt, have the Confidence to deny me?———— Was not this Blood ſhed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection?——Look'e Madam, I'm none of your Romantick Fools, that fight Giants and Monſters for nothing; my Valour is downright *Swiſs*; I am a Soldier of Fortune, and muſt be paid.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. *Sul.* How! At the Expence of my Honour?

Arch. Honour! Can Honour conſiſt with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do

like a Man of Honour: D'ye think I would deny you in ſuch a Caſe?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs *Sul.* My Brother! Heavens be prais'd——Sir, he ſhall thank you for your Services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir *Charles Freeman*———You'll excuſe me, Sir; I muſt go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman!* 'Sdeath and Hell——— My old Acquaintance. Now, unleſs *Aimwell* has made good uſe of his Time, all our fair Machine goes ſouze into the Sea, like the *Ediſtone.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Gallery in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my eaſy yielding; tho' I muſt own, your Lordſhip had a Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue ———Here, Doctor———

Enter Foigard, *with a Book.*

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But firſt, my Lord, one Word—— I have a frightful example of a haſty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it ſhocks me.—— Pray, my Lord, conſider a little———.

Aim. Conſider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

Dor. Neither; I do believe you equally juſt as brave ———And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuſe, I won'd not caſt a look upon the Multitude if you were abſent———But, my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments, may hide a thouſand Faults in me

me —— Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who could injure! I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own——I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit* Foigard.] Madam, behold your Lover and your Proselyte, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion —— I'm all a Lye, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms: I'm all a Counterfeit, except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven! a Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune——But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from my self, that, like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleeping Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchless Honesty!——Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew, my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard *at one Door*, Gipsey *at another*, *who whispers* Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we sha'n't want you now. Sir, you must excuse me——I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with* Gipsey.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! And bid the Priest depart——It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, *Tom*———Shall I wish you Joy

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! Man, what ha' you been doing

Aim. O *Archer*, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim.

Aim. I have diſcover'd my ſelf.

Arch. Diſcover'd! And without my Conſent? What! Have I embark'd my ſmall Remains in the ſame Bottom with yours, and you diſpoſe of all without my Partnerſhip.

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction——'Tis then too late for Pardon——You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly—As you begun, ſo end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune ſingle.——So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be deſpis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!——No: I wou'd ſooner change Conditions with the worſt of the Rogues we juſt now bound, than bear one ſcornful Smile from the proud Knight, that once I treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almoſt——But no matter for that, 'tis a curſed Night's Work; and ſo I leave you to make the beſt on't.

Aim. Freeman!——One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought ſhe receiv'd my Confeſſion with Pleaſure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She conſented after to the Match; and ſtill I dare believe ſhe will be juſt.

Arch. To her ſelf, I warrant her, as you ſhou'd have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes ſhe comes, and ſmiling comes.

Enter Dorinda *mighty gay.*

Dor. Come, my dear Lord——I fly with Impatience to your Arms——The Minutes of my Abſence was a tedious Year. Where's this Prieſt?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave Girl!

Dor. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor.

Dor. Come, Prieſt, do your Office.

Arch. Make haſte, make haſte; couple 'em any way [*Takes* Aimwell's *Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you.

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh———

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and ſho is my ſhelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deſerves another——This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Juſtice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In ſhort, Sir, you are the Perſon that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viſcount *Aimwell*; and I wiſh your Lordſhip Joy. Now, Prieſt, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, let his Lordſhip marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. Archer, what does ſhe mean?

Dor. Here's a Witneſs for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Sir *Ch.* My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wiſh you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir *Ch.* Of your Honour and Eſtate. Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Bruſſels*; among the reſt, I did my ſelf the Honour.

Arch. Heark'e, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir *Ch.* 'Tis truth, upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize——— [*Taking* Dorinda's *Hand.*

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble Sir *Charles Freeman*: My Lord, I wiſh you Joy. My Lady I wiſh you Joy———I-gad, Sir *Freeman*, you're the honeſteſt Fellow living——'Sdeath, I'm grown ſtrangely

airy

airy upon this Matter——My Lord, how d'ye?——A Word, my Lord: Don't you remember something of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moiety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thousand Pound.

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer:* You wou'd ha' cut my Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat still, if you shou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the Dispute, the Lady's Fortune is ten thousand Pound, we'll divide the Stakes; take the ten thousand Pound, or the Lady.

Dor. How! Is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam; his Lordship knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de People do say you be all robb'd, Joy.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, our Inn be robb'd too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my Shalwation, our Landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid da Money.

Arch. Robb'd himself!

Foig. Ay fait! and me too of a hundred Pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred Pound!

Foig. Yes fait, Honny, that I did owe him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank.*

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone——*Sçavez vous quelque chose de Madamoiselle* Cherry?

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay,——who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here, and a Letter for him.

Arch.

Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? Legerdemain! By this Light, my Lord, our Money again! but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum——O, 'tis for the publick Good, and must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country. Cou'd I have met you instead of your Master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, *that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death,*

Cherry Boniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you — As for the Father, I think he ought to be encouraged; and for the Daughter——Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsey*.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir *Ch.* This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister: I intend to part her from her Husband.—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Feig. Ay, upon my Shoul, we'll all asshist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this?——They tell me, Spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. *Sul.* Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it——Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these Gentlemen here?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* That's his way of returning Thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my Conshience de Question be *à propo*, for all dat.

Sir *Char.* You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sul. Humph.————

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with them, and set fire to your House———What does the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your Wife! Upon my Shoul de Man does not understand common Shivility.

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Gentlemen; all things here must move by Consent; Compulsion would spoil us: Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our Judges:—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. Charles Viscount *Aimwell*, come to take away your Sister.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq; come————

Sul. To take away my Mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging People since I was born———And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first Word.

Arch. And the last, for five Pound. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. *Sul.* How long have you been marry'd?

Sul. By the Almanack, fourteen Months————but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Foig. Upon my Conshience dere Accounts vil agree.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Spouſe, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an Heir to my Eſtate.

Sir *Ch.* And have you ſucceeded?

Sul. No.

Arch. The Condition fails of his ſide.——Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. *Sul.* To ſupport the Weakneſs of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleaſures of an agreeable Society.

Sir *Ch.* Are your Expectations anſwer'd?

Mrs. *Sul.* No.

Foig. Arra Honeys, a clear Caaſe, a clear Caaſe!

Sir *Ch.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?

Mrs. *Sul.* In the firſt place, I can't drink Ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. *Sul.* I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. *Sul.* I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sul. And I abhor Ombre and Picquet.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your Prating is worſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other——A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?

Sul. A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sul. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taſte.

Mrs. *Sul.* Is there on Earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes——to part.

Mrs. *Sul.* With all my heart.

Sul. Your Hand.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here.

Sul. Theſe Hands join'd us, theſe ſhall part us.——Away——

Mrs. *Sul.* North.

Sul. South.

Mrs. *Sul.* Eaſt.

Sul. Weſt——far as the Poles aſunder.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, a very pretty Sheremony.

Sir *Ch.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Siſter's Fortune to make us eaſy.

Sul.

Sul. Sir *Charles*, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a Stiver.

Arch. What is her Portion?

Sir *Ch.* Ten Thousand Pound, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my Lord, I thank him, has enabled me; and if the Lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This Night's Adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escritore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts, to an infinite Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

[*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*

Sul. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly.——Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce, you may command my House:——but my Head akes consumedly:——*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam [*to Mrs.* Sul.] there's a Country-Dance to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

Both happy in their sev'ral States we find:
Those parted by Consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee:
Consent is Law enough to set you free.

The END *of the* FIFTH ACT.

AN EPILOGUE,

Design'd to be spoke in the BEAUX STRATAGEM.

By Mr. *SMITH*, the Author of PHÆDRA and HYPOLITUS.

IF to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find:
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, you Fair, on his last Scene to frown,
But his true Exit *with a Plaudit crown;*
Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.
At Leuctra *so the conqu'ring* Theban *dy'd,*
Claim'd his Friends Praises, but their Tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death, he greatly thought
Conquest with Loss of Life but cheaply bought.
The Difference this, the Greek *was one wou'd fight,*
As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite;
Ye Sons of Will's, *what's that to those who write!*
To Thebes *alone the* Grecian *ow'd his Bays:*
You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian *Praise.*

SONG

SONG *of a* TRIFLE.

Sung by *Archer* in the Third ACT.

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended:
All Trifling People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles, a few,
That lately have come into Play;
The Men wou'd want ſomething to do,
And the Women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes Men trifle in Dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies (they know)
Admire, by often Poſſeſſing,
That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has Trifl'd,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain:
No ſooner the Virgin is rifl'd,
But a Trifle ſhall part 'em again.

What mortal Man wou'd be able
At White's *half an hour to ſit?*
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking of Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we ſee:
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I 'count neither Trifle nor Sin:
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow:
A Peace is a Trifle to-day:
Who knows what may happen to-morrow?

A Black-Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide in, the Red may endeavour:
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, the say;
The Reason, pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles so throng.

But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot:
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

F I N I S.

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Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Vade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.
Ovid. Trist. El. 1.

LONDON:
Printed for B. LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys* over-against St. *Dunstan*'s Church in *Fleetstreet*; J. CLARKE, at the *Royal Exchange*; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe*'s Head the corner of *Essex-street* in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right Honourable

PEREGRINE,

Lord Marquess of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My LORD,

BEING equally a Stranger to your LORDSHIP, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural Impulse and aspiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Presumption, to declare my Respect: And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal Business is to design his Works an Offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, My LORD, stand accused of any sort of Adulation, but to my self; because Complements due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to my self, whilst I attempt your LORDSHIP's Praise. I dare make no Essay on your LORDSHIP's youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your LORDSHIP.

Epistle Dedicatory.

Courage, the highest Gift, that scorns to bend
To mean Devices for a sordid End:
Courage---- an independent Spark from Heaven's bright Throne,
By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high, alone;
Great in itself, not Praises of the Crowd,
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which those great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from Fear.

The best and noblest Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty; what Veneration then is due to those Virtues and Endowments which even engaged the Respect of Royalty itself, in the Person of one of the greatest Emperors in the World, who chose your Lordship not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of such a *Briton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and would therefore choose you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* could be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A Sense of this Greatness, which might deter others, animates me to address your Lordship; resolv'd that my first Muse should take an high and daring Flight, I aspir'd to your Lordship's Protection for this Trifle, which I must own my self now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

G. Farquhar.

PROLOGUE,

By J. H.

Spoken by Mr. *Powell*, a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

AS stubborn Atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs most Authors, rack'd with [Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our suppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd;
Love and a Bottle *are his peaceful Arms,*
Ladies and Gallants, have not These some Charms?
For LOVE, *all Mankind to the Fair must sue;*
And, Sirs, the BOTTLE *he presents to you.*
Health to the Play—[drinks] *e'en let it fairly pass,*
Sure none sit here that will refuse their Glass!
O, there's a damning Soldier—— *let me think*——
He looks as he were sworn—*to what? To drink.* [drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He *and his* Bottle *here attend their Doom,*
From you the Poet's Helicon *must come;*
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service—[drinks.] *Sure you now are Friends.*
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all Abuse,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuse,
But each Man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Roebuck.	An *Iriſh* Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to *London.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lovewell.	His Friend, ſober and modeſt, in love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Mockmode.	A young 'Squire, come newly from the Univerſity, and ſetting up for a Beau.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Lyrick.	A Poet.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Pamphlet.	A Bookſeller.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Rigadoon.	A Dancing-Maſter.	
Nimblewriſt.	A Fencing-Maſter.	Mr. *Aſhton.*
Club.	Servant to *Mockmode.*	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Bruſh.	Servant to *Lovewell.*	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Lucinda.	A Lady of conſiderable Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Leanthe.	Siſter to *Lovewell*, in love with *Roebuck*, and diſguis'd as *Lucinda*'s Page.	Mrs. *Maria Aliſon.*
Trudge.	Whore to *Roebuck.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Bulfinch.	Landlady to *Mockmode*, *Lyrick*, and *Trudge.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Pindreſs.	Attendant and Confident to *Lucinda.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Maſques, Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

LOVE and a BOTTLE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck *in a Riding Habit* ſolus, *repeating the following Line.*

THUS far our Arms have with Succeſs been Crown'd —— Heroically ſpoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket! If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my preſent Neceſſity, may I be hang'd; tho' I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very ſoon, if Robbery or Theft will purchaſe the Gallows. But hold—can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple, begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's ſake.

Roeb. Ha! —— a Glimpſe of Damnation juſt as a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.——But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip. Five Years, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you.

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Year a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!——This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canſt draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why wou'dſt thou beg of me? Doſt think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you Charitable. Your warm Fellows are ſo much above the Senſe of our Miſery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by ſad Experience, as needleſs to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergy-man. Our greateſt Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and muſt now turn Beggars like my ſelf; and ſo, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will ſay Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parſon ſhall whine out God bleſs me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Bleſſing much the beſt.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compaſſionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear, ſtop their Ears ſo cloſe, that they can't hear us; and if they ſhou'd, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul, that has not to beſtow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miſer in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends beſtow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am deſigning to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an honourable Poſt I am forc'd to ſtand to; my Rags are Scare-crows

ſufficient

ſufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer ſort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou haſt got a Cloven Foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Caſe that a Man muſt never expect to go nearer Heav'n than ſome ſteps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Lovewell* (which I think impoſſible, being ſo great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou haſt done thy worſt: I proclaim open War againſt thee.

I'll ſtab the next rich Darling that I ſee;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.

[*Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making ſome turns croſs the Stage in Diſorder, while the next ſpeak.* Exit Beggar.

Enter Lucinda *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. Oh! theſe Summer Mornings are ſo delicately fine, *Pindreſs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, theſe Summer Mornings are as pleaſant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr *Lovewell.*

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his ſhare very ſoon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I ſhall ſoon lie under an Eclipſe, *Pindreſs.*

Pin. Then it muſt be full Moon with your Ladyſhip. But why wou'd you chuſe to marry in Summer Madam?

Luc. I know no Cauſe, but that People are apte to run Mad in hot Weather, unleſs you take a Woman's Reaſon.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed ſtrange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night, of my Courtier that is to be, 'Squire *Mockmode*. He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Maſter, Puſhing-Maſter, Muſick-Maſter, and all the throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery ſo aukwardly, that his Imitation was downright burleſquing it. I burſt out a Laughing ſo heartily, that I awaken'd my ſelf.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you ſeen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the Univerſity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, ſmoke Tobacco, and chop Logick——Faugh, ——it makes me ſick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns ſhall never join to mine in the City: For ſince I have the Diſpoſal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell*'s the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him ſince his Courtſhip began. He's the prettieſt ſober Gentleman; I have ſo ſtrong an Opinion of his Modeſty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your firſt Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh, God forbid! I hope a Lawyer underſtands Buſineſs better than to beget any thing *non compos*—— The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we muſt ſet out our falſe Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*

Pin. We Masks are the pureſt Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruize about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread thoſe bluſtring Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-ſide of Damme's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin. In Truth, Madam, and the moſt of them are awful Prize, for they generally have *French* Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conſcience, Girl, thou'rt quite ſpoil'd. An Actreſs upon the Stage would bluſh at ſuch Expreſſions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyſhip wou'd ſeem to bluſh in the Box, when the Redneſs of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Conſtraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a ſtronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as ſtrong as a hempen Cord, with containing a violent Tehee at a ſmutty Jeſt in the laſt Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Buſineſs. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miſs'd us for Want of the Sign.--- But whom have we here? An odd Figure, ſome Gentleman in Diſguiſe, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I ſhou'd believe him in Diſguiſe; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air ſhew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonſtrate him a Wit. He may afford us ſome Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of thoſe dangerous Men of War you juſt now mention'd as can be; you had beſt ſend out your Pinnace before, to diſcover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him myſelf. [*Moves towards him.* What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam. [*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream ſtanding?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often when my Sleep's haunted by ſuch pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the wiſe Men of the *Eaſt*?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the *Weſt*.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb.

Roeb. An *Iriſh-man*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Iriſh-man!* a mere Wolf-Dog, I proteſt.

Roeb. Ben't ſurpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell you. [*Lays hold on her.*

Luc. Pray, good *Cæſar*, keep off your Paws; no ſcraping Acquaintance, for Heaven's ſake. Tell us ſome News of your Country; I have heard the ſtrangeſt Stories—that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, 'faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that, among other laudable Faſhions, from *London.* I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topnots; for ever ſince, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Faſhions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houſes; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houſes, and Bawdy-houſes: In ſhort, every thing that you can boaſt of, but Fops, Poets, Toads, and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally ſtripped of their Feathers by the Play-houſe and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit, as the Laurel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unleſs St. *Patrick* ſent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland.* Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But ſince I have deſcribed my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a ſight of your Face.

Luc.

Luc. Come you to Particulars firſt. Pray, Sir, unmask, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmask, and ſhew who I am.

Roeb. You muſt diſmiſs your Attendant then, Madam; for the diſtinguiſhing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Miſtreſs; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whiſper'd, Sir?

Roeb. O yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may underſtand 'em.

[*Pretends to whiſper, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, ſince you're ſo good at minding Folks, have with you.

[*Catches her faſt, carrying her off.*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy ſelf. [*Draws.*

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely ſent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.

[*Quits 'em, they go off.*

——Have at thee---St. *George* for *England.*

[*They fight, after ſome paſſes,* Roeb. *ſtarts back and pauſes.*

——My Friend *Lovewell!*

Love. My dear *Roebuck!*

[*Fling down their Swords, and embrace.*

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, begad.

Love. Why, thy being in *London* is ſuch a Myſtery, that I muſt have the Evidence of more Senſes than one to confirm me of its Truth.——But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why 'faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your ſelf for not gueſſing it—What is the univerſal Cauſe of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The univerſal Cauſe of our continued Evils, is the Devil ſure.

Roeb.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned*——That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise*, has sent me a packing out of *Ireland.*

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit, that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*—The Jade was so pregnant as to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so—

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but these are grown as little Signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what Necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you-- ---To shun th'insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard—From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dadda!——Ha, ha, ha.

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.——But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;——and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Uglines.

Love.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Proſelyte to this Profeſſion?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour——Damn it for a Whim.——Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whore-maſters, we ſhould have Lewdneſs as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Paſſions are as great as ours, their Reaſon weaker. We admire them, and conſequently they muſt us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honeſt *George Roebuck* would have lain with your Siſter, *Ned*, and ſhould enjoy a Counteſs before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Siſter.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Siſter, *Ned*, to tempt me. As ſhe was thy Siſter, I had no Deſign upon her; but as ſhe's a pretty Woman, I could ſcarcely forbear her, were ſhe my own.

Love. But, upon ſerious Reflection, could not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into thy Wife, than here by turning other Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you muſt trade with them, for aught I ſee.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully!——a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engroſſing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought ſome ſmall Stock to ſet up with.

Roeb. The Greatneſs of my Wants, which wou'd force me to diſcover 'em, makes me bluſh to own 'em. [*Aſide.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and would burthen my ſelf with no more than juſt neceſſary Charges.

Lov

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is ſo unreaſonable high, that——

Love. What!

Roeb. That—Zoons, I have not one Farthing—— Now you underſtand me.

Love. No, 'faith, I never underſtand one that comes in *forma pauperis*; I ha'n't ſtudy'd the Law ſo long for nothing.——But what Proſpect can you propoſe of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was juſt thanking my Stars for ſending me a Throat to cut, and conſequently a Purſe: But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to aſſiſt me by ſome better Means. You were once an honeſt Fellow: but ſo long Study in the Inns may alter a Man ſtrangely, as you ſay.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Virtues, and eſteem thy Follies as Foils only to ſet them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are ſome Pieces, ſhare of what I have about me: Take them as Earneſt of my farther Supply; you know my Eſtate's ſufficient to maintain us both, if you will either reſtrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Neceſſaries.

Roeb. Thy Profeſſion of Kindneſs is ſo great, that I cou'd almoſt ſuſpect it of Deſign. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, beſides a violent Fit of Sickneſs, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhauſting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Reliſh of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then————Oh Heavens and Earth!

[*As they are going off*, Roebuck *ſtarts back as ſurpriz'd.*

Love. What's the Matter, Man?

Roeb. Why? Death and the Devil; or, what's worſe, a Woman and a Child—Oons! don't you ſee Mrs. *Trudge* with my Baſtard in her Arms croſſing the Field towards us? ——Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the way to *London!*

Love.

Love. Mrs. *Trudge!* my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame; your old Acquaintance; and for aught I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reaſonable then I ſhould pay ſhare at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time you had beſt retire.——*Bruſh,* conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bulfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine. ——— Fly, and come back preſently.—[*Exeunt* Roeb. *and* Bruſh.——So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid theſe are but part of his Retinue.——— But hold——I ſhan't be able to ſuſtain the ſhock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till ſhe has diſcharged her firſt Volley, then ſurprize her.

Enter Trudge, *with a Child crying.*

Huſh, huſh, huſh——And indeed it was a young Traveller ——And what would it ſay? It ſays that Daddy is a falſe Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful Man.——— In troth ſo he is, my dear Child.——— What ſhall I do with it, poor Creature! ———Huſh, huſh, huſh——Was ever poor Woman in ſuch a lamentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another!——But I'm ſure he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curſes, and the Miſery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I ſhould know that Voice ——— —[*Moving forward.*] What! Mrs. *Trudge!* and in *London!* whoſe brave Boy haſt thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm very glad to ſee you—and yet am aſham'd to ſee you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying*] and you know, Mr. *Lovewell,* that he's ſuch a handſome Man, and has ſo many ways of inſinuating, that the Frailty of Woman's Nature could not reſiſt him.

Love. What's all this?——A handſome Man! Ways of inſinuating! Frailty of Nature! ——— I don't underſtand theſe ambiguous Terms.

Trud.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell!* I'm ſure you have ſeen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm ſure 'twould be the firſt thing he would tell you. I refer to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal ſo barbarouſly with any Woman that had us'd him ſo civilly. I was kinder to him than I would have been to my own born Brother.

Love. Oh then, I find Kiſſing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge.*

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are all alike—Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were ſpit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Noſe to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Noſe; and the little Pigſny his Mamma's Mouth.——Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the beſt natur'd little Dear—[*Smuggles and kiſſes it*]—And would it ask its Godfather's Bleſſing?——Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell*, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Bleſſing.

[*Gives it Gold.*

[*As he gives her the Gold, enter* Lucinda *and* Pindreſs, *who ſeeing them ſtand, abſcond.*

Come, Madam, I'll firſt ſettle you in a Lodging, and then find the falſe Man, as you call him.

[*Ex.* Love. *and* Trud.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. The falſe Man is found already:——Was there ever ſuch a lucky Diſcovery?———My Care for his Preſervation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindneſs is return'd! Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; ſo that they could not be Strangers, as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is falſe.——What! ſlighted! deſpis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd.

veng'd. I'll marry the first Man that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop;——Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your self.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve Punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falshood.—— And you deserve it too, Minx; your Persuasions drew me to this Assignation: I never lov'd the false Man.

Pin. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same Score, he was so liberal to his Whore just now.

[*Walks about in Passion.*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship——now for my Love. ——I han't transgressed much.—— Oh, there she is. ——Oh my Angel! [*Runs to her.*

Luc. Oh thou Devil! [*Starts back.*

Love. Not unless you damn me, Madam,

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[*Exit, pushing* Pindress.

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn.——— Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now? By the Lord, these Women are like their Maidenheads, no sooner found than lost——Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and know the Occasion of this.—[Brush *runs.*] ——Stay, come back.——Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Brush. That's the first wise Word you have spoken these two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jests, Sirrah, and I'll———

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right Earnest. 'Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you mumbling?

Brush.

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I have been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Bows, as going.*

Love. Hold, you sha'n't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Six-pence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carried *Billet-Doux*, he would have laid her kicking with her Heels up e'er now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all the moisture of my Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have.——

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an end, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Rascal, I would have taken so much Pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done. ——But if you are resolved to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, Sirrah?

Brush. Why, the matter will be, that I must then Pimp for her——Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?——Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage.—Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Brush. That's it, Sir. She resolves to put your Easiness to the Test now, that she may with more Security rely upon't hereafter.——Always suspect those Women of Designs, that are for searching into the Humours of their

their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'ſt thou ſuch an Engineer in Love?

Bruſh. I have ſprung ſome Mines in my time, Sir; and ſince I have trudg'd ſo long about your amorous Meſſages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than ſome Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever diſcover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occaſion this ſuſpicious Diſcourſe?

Bruſh. Sir, has this Lady ever diſcover'd any Behaviour of yours to occaſion this ſuſpicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman ſaid) as any Woman: But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about raviſhing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Maſter, like Man*; why not as well, *like Miſtreſs, like Maid?*

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Beſides, ſo fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate ſeem'd to deſign it.——Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

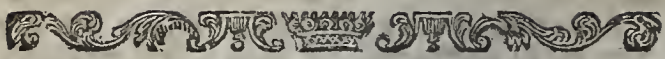
Bruſh. Yes, Sir, and ſent a Porter to his Inn to bring his things thither.

Love. That's right.—Love, like other Diſeaſes, muſt ſometimes have a deſperate Cure. The School of *Venus* impoſes the ſtrict Diſcipline: And awful *Cupid* is a chaſt'ning God: He whips ſeverely.

Bruſh. No, not if we kiſs the Rod. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck *dreſs'd, and* Bruſh.

LOVEWELL.

My Conſcience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the conſtant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that ſhe infallibly loves the Man for doing the Buſineſs, and he certainly hates her.—But what Company is ſhe like to have at this ſame Widow's, *Bruſh?*

Bruſh. Oh, the beſt of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worſt Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Bruſh. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any harm: for theſe Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They muſt be good natur'd, ſpite of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis ſaid, he pays his Lodging by cracking ſome ſmutty Jeſts with his Landlady over-night; for ſhe's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While* Roeb. *and* Bruſh *talk,* Lovewell *ſeems to project ſomething by himſelf.*

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Bruſh. One newly enter'd, a young 'Squire, juſt come from the Univerſity.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetick, I warrant him.—— A very pretty Family! a Heathen Philoſopher, an *Engliſh* Poet, and an *Iriſh* Whore. Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, ſhe might let

ſet up for a Collection of Monſters——Any body within? [*Slaps* Lovewell *on the Shoulder.*

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were imploy'd about you. In ſhort, I have one Requeſt to make, That you would renounce your wild Courſes, and lead a ſober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You ſhall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquiſh your preciſe ſober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' ſhou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themſelves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worſe than our Wine: Our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all; they are both adulterated: To prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Miſtreſs.

Roeb. An honourable Miſtreſs! What's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you muſt love and court; the ſureſt Method of reclaiming you.—As thus: Thoſe ſuperfluous pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out—

Roeb. To the Poor?

Love. No, no: In ſweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire and Chair-hire. Thoſe idle Hours which you miſpend with lewd ſophiſticated Wenches, muſt be dedicated——

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Converſation of your virtuous Miſtreſs; by which means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I muſt firſt deſpiſe the honeſt jolly Converſation at the Tavern, for the foppiſh, affected, dull, inſipid Entertainment at the Chocolate Houſe: muſt quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harneſs my ſelf to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of *Cupid*'s Livery-Boys.——The ſecond Article is, That I muſt reſign the Company of lewd

Women, for that of my innocent Miſtreſs; that is, I muſt change my eaſy natural Sin of Wenching, to that conſtrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing. ——The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Siſter, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reaſon will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I've loſt my Reaſon; Come, come, a Wench, a Wench! a ſoft, white, eaſy, conſenting Creature! ——— Prithee, *Ned*, leave Muſtineſs, and ſhew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the leaſt Variety.——Look out——See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there. [*Pointing outwards.*

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all theſe fine ſtately Creatures!——Fare you well, *Ned.*

[*Runs out*; Love. *catches him, and pulls him back.* Prithee let me go; 'tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite ſtarv'd. I'll juſt take a Snap, and be with you in the twinkling——As you're my Friend——I muſt go.

Love. Then we muſt break for all together. [*Quits him.*]——He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendſhip, as in Love.

Roeb. If you ſaw how ill that ſerious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you would never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Maſquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdneſs ſuits much worſe with your Circumſtances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, theſe Circumſtances! Damn theſe Circumſtances——There he has ham-ſtring'd me. This Poverty, how it makes a Man ſneak!——Well, prithee let's know this deviliſh virtuous Lady. By the Circumſtances of my Body, I ſhall ſoon be off or on with her.

Love. Know then for thy utter Condemnation, that ſhe's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good——Beautiful! Better——— Witty! Beſt of all.————Now with theſe three Qualifications, if ſhe be nicely virtuous, then I'll

henceforth

henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat. ——Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd—— Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right——But there was a cunninger Devil than you to tempt.——I'll assure you, *George*, your Rhetorick would fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eighteen, as you say.

Love. Have a Care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus* Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right.— [*Aside*.] ——But you shall go to Heaven for a Mistress, you shall court this Divine Creature.——I don't desire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you should marry her neither: But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; tho' if you should conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances——

Love. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the bravest Pimp I ever heard of——Well, give me Directions to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the Manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No, I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend my self altogether upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a

Deity in Publick, but like a Woman in Private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Queſtion, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Reputation, tho' touch'd to the tendereſt Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Succeſs.

Roeb. No, not to her very ſelf; it muſt be as private as Devotion——— No blabbing, unleſs a ſqwawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.———But where lies my Courſe?

Love. Bruſh ſhall ſhew you the Houſe; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; ſhe's Heireſs to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, obſerve this; She has a Page which you muſt get on your ſide; 'tis a very pretty Boy; I preſented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Countryman too; he brought me a Letter from my Siſter, which I have about me. ——— Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almoſt bluſh to ſee it. [*Aſide.*

[*Reads.*]

Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her laſt Requeſt, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obey'd my Friend's laſt Command, and obliged a Brother, by ſending him to you. Pray diſpoſe of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Siſter,

LEANTHE.

[*While he reads,* Love. *talks to* Bruſh, *and gives him ſome Directions ſeemingly.*

All Friends are well; Is that all? Not a Word of poor *Roebuck?* ——I wonder ſhe mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But ſhe has forgot me already. True Woman ſtill——— Well, I may excuſe her, for I am making all the haſte I can to forget her.

Love.

Love. Be ſure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me preſently at Widow *Bullfinch*'s. [*Aſide to* Bruſh.] —Well, *George*, you won't communicate your Succeſs?

Roeb. You may gueſs what you pleaſe. —— I'm as merry after a Miſtreſs as after a Bottle. — All Air; brim full of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret ſmiling and ſparkling.

Love. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor ſhall I drink to any Body ——

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to a Dining-room in Widow* Bullfinch's *Houſe. A Flute and Muſick-book upon the Table; Caſe of Toys hanging up.*

Enter Rigadoon *the Dancing-maſter, leading in* Mockmode *by both Hands, as teaching him the Minuet; he ſings and* Mockmode *dances aukwardly;* Club *follows.*

Rig. Tal—dal—deral—— One—Two——Tal—dal — deral —— Coupe —— Tal — dal — deral —— Very well —— dal — deral —— Wrong —— Tal — dal — deral —— Obſerve Time: ——Very well indeed, Sir; you ſhall dance as well as any Man in *England*; you have an excellent Diſpoſition in your Limbs, Sir — Obſerve me, Sir.

[*Here the Maſter dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut* Club *makes an aukward Imitation, by leaping up.*

And ſo forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we ſhall diſturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You muſt have a care of that; ſhe'll never pardon you. —— Landlady! Every Woman, from a Counteſs to a Kitchen-wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Muſt I then loſe my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire *Mockmode?*

Rig. By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the ſame thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith —— But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon?* —— Well,

ſince I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I have a great Eſtate, and want only to be a great Beau, to qualify me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Univerſe, I have a great mind to bind myſelf 'Prentice to a Beau —— Cou'd I but dance well, puſh well, play upon the Flute, and ſwear the moſt modiſh Oaths, I wou'd ſet up for Quality with e'er a young Nobleman of 'em all —— Pray what are the moſt faſhionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming One.

Rig. Zoons is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: But Zauns is the Beau's Pronunciation.

Mock. Zauns?

Club. Zauns.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we ſwear as we dance; ſmooth, and with a Cadence. —— Zauns! 'Tis harmonious, and pleaſes the Ladies, becauſe 'tis ſoft. — Zauns, Madam— is the only Complement our great Beaux paſs on a Lady.

Mock. But ſuppoſe a Lady ſpeaks to me, what muſt I ſay?

Rig. Nothing, Sir —— you muſt take Snuſh, grin, and make her an humble Cringe —— Thus:

[*He bows Foppiſhly and takes Snuſh*; Mockmode *imitates him awkwardly*; *and taking Snuſh, ſneezes.*

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you muſt never ſneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangeree*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuſh-box; and I heard a Phyſician ſwear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Diviſions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangeree*, *Bourgamot*, and *Plain-Spaniſh*.

Mock. Zauns, I muſt ſneeze —— [*Sneezes.*] — Bleſs me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode!* What a ruſtical Expreſſion that is! —— Bleſs me! —— You ſhould upon all ſuch Occaſions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauſeous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obſolete Expreſſion.

Club. I find, that going to the Devil is very modiſh in this Town —— Pray, Maſter Dancing-maſter, what Religion may theſe Beaux be of?

Rig.

Rig. A ſort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worſhip the firſt thing they ſee in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glaſs; and ſome of 'em ſuch Helliſh Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worſhip the Devil.

Rig. Then you ſhall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you muſt be ſure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Muſick very convenient too?—— I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire, Bifabemi, Ceſolfa, Delaſol, Ela, Effaut, Geſolreut.* I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of theſe Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unleſs he underſtands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir, that's eaſy. *Effaut* and *Geſolreut* were two famous *German* Muſicians, and the reſt were *Italians.*

Mock. But why are they only ſeven?

Rig. From a prodigious Baſs-Viol with ſeven Strings, that play'd a Jigg, call'd, the *Muſick of the Spheres*; the ſeven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-ſtrings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-maſter?

Rig. O Lard, Sir, *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-maſter; he ſhews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where, after ſome Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their places, and there they ſtand ready, till the next ſqueak of a Philoſopher's Fiddle ſets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Puſhing-maſter.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you muſt have a care of puſhing, 'twill ſpoil the niceneſs of your Steps. Learn a Flouriſh or two; and that's all a Beau can have occaſion for. [*Exit* Rig.

Enter Nimblewriſt.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewriſt!* I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe.

Nimb. That was a home Thruſt. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*]

— I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*. ——— Sa, sa ——— like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But I think Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! ——— Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of it. — *France* is bounden on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What! are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em. ——— But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out; but then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so, among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live still by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courage, *French* Honour, and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly;

fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir, —— Sa, sa, sa, sa, Parry, parry, parry. ——

[*He pushes* Mockmode *on the Ribs; he strikes* Nimble-wrist *over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*

Club. What's the Name of that Thrust, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the least, Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours —— My Dancing-master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so ——

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead, by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir —— [*Foppishly.*

Nimb. Zoons, Sir —— *Bluffishly.*

Rig. I have more Wit in the sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir; you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you, good Monsieur sa, sa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head so full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honesty left. His Breast-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir—You Dancers are the Battledors of the Nation, that toss the light foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your selves in heat.------Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Grashopper of you---Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness; and

the Devil and a Dancing-Maſter, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chaſtity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We ſhall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who muſt be hang'd for you. Which is beſt, Mr. *Nimblewriſt*, an eaſie Minuet, or a *Tyburn* Jigg?

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, leſt that Art you ſo revile ſhou'd revenge it ſelf; for every one of you that live by Dancing, ſhou'd Die by Puſhing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Puſhing, ſhou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir; —Tall-----dal-----deral. [*Dances.*]——This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in the Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Buſineſs. If you want a Fortune, come to me——Tall-----dal-----deral——. [*Dances.*

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir——ſa——ſa——does your Buſineſs ſooneſt with a Woman: A clean and manly Extenſion of all your parts---Ha---Carrying a true Point is the matter.——Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa,——Defend your ſelf.

[*Puſhes at* Rigadoon, *who Dances and Sings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Goodneſs! What a Room's here! Cou'd not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's ſuch a tripping and ſuch a ſtamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-Maſters have been the Downfal of many Houſes. Get out of my Doors; my Houſe was never in ſuch a pickle.——You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, muſt be

be ſhaking the Water off, and beſpatter every body about you.———

[Mockmode *having taken Snuff, offering to ſneeze, ſnezes in her Face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam [*Sneezes.*]— Bleſs me——— Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. Theſe curſed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, ſa, ——— Deſend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Puſhing and Dancing Days are done! But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah, my poor *Robin!* He dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young Man as ever ſtep'd into a black Leather Shoe; He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel ——— But I am ſure he might have recover'd but for the Phyſicians ——— Oh theſe Doctors, theſe Doctors!

Mock. Bleſs the Doctors, I ſay; for I believe they kill'd my honeſt old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Eſtate, I ſhould have ſaid ſo too.——— [*Cries.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you muſt not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll aſſure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's moſt modiſh for Beverage? For, I ſuppoſe, the Faſhion of that alters with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the beſt Judges of that——— But Champaigne, I ſuppoſe.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker.——I think they call my Wig a Champaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh, by the Univerſe, I muſt be witty. I'll drink nothing elſe; I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly. —— Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of —what d'ye call it? — the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the Univerſity ſhou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam; there's no ſuch thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your ſolid Philoſophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Univerſe. I muſt get acquainted with the great Poets, Landlady, you muſt introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; Wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be ſeen with a Poet, for fear ſhe ſhould be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country: I hope, they don't fleece the Wits.

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces! there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here ſometimes.

Mock. Lovewell! By the Univerſe, my Rival; I heard of him in the Country: This puts me in mind of my Miſtreſs——Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was ſo in love with my ſelf, I quite forgot her. ——I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by. ——

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-Book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himſelf.*

Six-pence for waſhing——Two-pence to the Maid. —Six-pence for Snuff——One Shilling for Butter'd Ale. ——By the Univerſe, I have loſt the Directions. —— Hark ye, Madam, does this ſame *Lovewell* come often here, ſay you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often----There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now.

Mock.

Moc. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the Houſe juſt now! of his Acquaintance, do you ſay?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you ſay. By the Univerſe, ſhou'd I happen to lodge in the ſame Houſe with my Miſtreſs —Igad, it muſt be the ſame. Can you tell the Woman's Name? — Stay — Is her Name *Lucinda?*

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe ſhe's a Widow, for ſhe has a young Son, and I'm ſure 'tis legitimately begotten; for it is the braveſt Child you ſhall ſee in a Summer's Day: 'tis not like one of our puling Brats of the Town here, born with the Diſeaſes of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't remember whether my Miſtreſs is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, ſo much the better; for all your *London* Widows are deviliſh rich, they ſay. She came in a Coach, did ſhe not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly ſhe —— Does ſhe not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not ſtirr'd abroad ſince ſhe came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told ſhe was very reſerv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother ſay, that ſitting at Home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and ſhe has often chid my Siſter *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. Igad, I'm the moſt lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh, but this Lady, Sir. ——

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute. [*Exit with* Servant.

Enter Club *with Wine and Glaſſes.*

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glaſſes. Now that I have found my Miſtreſs, I muſt next find my Wits.

Club.

Club. So you had need, Maſter; for they that find a Miſtreſs, are generally out of their Wits.

[*Gives him a Glaſs.*

Mock. Come, fill your ſelf. [*They jingle and drink.* But where's the Wit now, *Club?* Have you found it?

Club. Igad, Maſter, I think 'tis a very good Jeſt.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why drinking. You'll find, Maſter, that this ſame Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this ſame *Will i'th'Whiſp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.* — Here, here, Maſter; how it puns and quibbles in the Glaſs!

Mock. By the Univerſe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit conſiſts moſt in Jingling. Hear how the Glaſſes rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Maſter, are theſe Wits ſo apt to claſh?

[*Jingle the Glaſſes.*

Mock. Oh by the Univerſe, by the Univerſe, this is Wit [*Breaks 'em.*] My Landlady is in the right. —— I have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glaſſes. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then that this ſame Wit is very brittle Ware. — But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to ſpill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jeſt, Sirrah; all Wit conſiſts in loſing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this ſame Wine is all ſold at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe. Do you know the way thither, Sirrah? I long to ſee Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the reſt of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly theſe Poets muſt have ſomething extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to ſee nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam* —— Come in, *Club*; I muſt go practiſe my Honours —Tal — dal —deral —

[Exit *dancing, and* Club *toping.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh, Mr. *Lovewell!* you come juſt in the nick; I was ready to ſpoil all, by telling him ſhe was a Stranger, and juſt now come.

Love.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the moſt fortunate Chance that ever befel me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our ſide.

Bull. There's no Body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as ſafely tell a Story over a Groaning-cheeſe, as to him.

Love. How ſo?

Bull. Why, you muſt know, that he has been Lying-in theſe four Months of a Play; and he has got all the Muſes about him; a Parcel of the moſt tattling Goſſips.

Love. Come, come; no more words; but to our Buſineſs. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its ſucceeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's ſide. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her part, ſhe's ſo aukward, and ſo ſullen.

Love. Go you and inſtruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, who is this ſame *Roebuck?* —— Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is ſomething elſe at the Bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bruſh.

Love. So, Sirrah, where have you left the Gentleman?

Bruſh. In a Friend's Houſe, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Bruſh. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Bruſh. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Bruſh. A Coach and Six, Sir, no leſs, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, ſix Whores and a carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this ſplendid Retinue into the Sun *by Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love.

Love. The Fellow will have his ſwing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himſelf *Mockmode* upon all Occaſions; and tell him, that he ſhall find me here about Four in the Afternoon — Ask no Queſtions, but fly—[*Exit* Bruſh.] So:— His uſurping that Name gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I ſhall diſcover her Inclination to this *Mockmode*, whoſe coming to Town has certainly occaſion'd her Quarrel with me; while I ſet the Hound himſelf upon a wrong Scent, and ten to one provide for Miſtreſs *Trudge* by the Bargain. 'Tis ſaid, one can't be a Friend and a Lover;

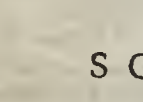
But oppoſite to that, this Plot ſhall prove,
I'll ſerve my Friend by what aſſiſts my Love. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe ſola, *dreſs'd like a Page,*



METhinks this Livery ſuits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I muſt not diſobey; his Service is the hardeſt Vaſſalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godſhips down to be more Gods, more happy here below— Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, diſguis'd my ſelf ſo much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindeſt; to follow one, perhaps, who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his ſoft Words was Paſſion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck!* [*Weeps.*

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that muſt light

light me the Way——How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha!——This Lady must be a *Venus*, for she has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy—[Leanthe *starts, and stares at him.*] but a very comical Boy——What the Devil does he stare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns! is the Object real, or are my Eyes false? Is that *Roebuck?* or am I *Leanthe?* I'm afraid he's not the same; and too sure I'm not my self—*Aside.*] [*Weeps.*

Roeb. What Offence could such pretty Innocence commit, to deserve a Punishment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you should have a care of sharp things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me so deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! here's a Plaster for your sore Finger. [*Gives him Gold.*

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger. [*Returns it.*

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold——Come, come, you shall take it. [*Forces it upon him, and kisses him.*

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my sore Finger——The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [*Aside.*

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the softest Pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. Egad, I must kiss him again——Come, you shall take the Money. [*Kisses.*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery! *Aside.*] But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and, they say, no

no Man can ſerve two Maſters, much leſs two Miſtreſſes. How many Miſtreſſes have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad, the Boy has pos'd me——How many, Child? Why, let me ſee----There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Suſan*, Mrs *Judy*, and ſo forth; to the number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. O ye Powers! and did you love them all?

Roeb. Yes, deſperately-------I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em: I have ſworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy. Learn betimes, Youth; young Plants ſhou'd be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber Utenſil.

Lean. And did not one eſcape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did-----the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge ſtill; ſomething between Love and Spite.-----I could kill her with Kindneſs.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be ſo hard-hearted, ſure: Her honourable Paſſion, I think, ſhou'd pleaſe you beſt.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombaſt of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll underſtand better things.

Lean. And muſt I be a falſe treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falſhood and Perjury eſſential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. Pſhaw, Children and old Men always talk thus fooliſhly———You underſtand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World ſo educating to a Boy, as a Lady's------By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the----Pincuſhion? Do you never

ſit

ſit on her Bed-ſide, and ſing to her? Ha! - ----Come, tell me, that's my good Boy. [*Makes much of him.*

Lean. Yes, I do ſing her aſleep ſometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I conſtantly wake my ſelf; my Reſt's always diſturb'd by Viſions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Shaver cou'd dream of a Woman ſo ſoon? ------ But what Songs does your Lady delight in moſt?

Lean. Paſſionate ones, Sir; I'll ſing you one of 'em, if you'll ſtay.

Roeb. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of ſhewing his Parts. —— Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. *Richardſon.*

I.

HOW bleſſed are Lovers in Diſguiſe!
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by humane Eyes.
Expos'd to view,
I'm hid from you,
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame:
The Dark conceals me,
Love reveals me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

II.

Were you not falſe, you wou'd me know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo.
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me,
Falſe Love is only blind.

Roeb.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape!——[*Kisses her.*] I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy a ke.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake. [*Aside.*

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd——

Lean. What would you? marry me? would you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you should not have my Hand, but all my Body at once.——But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell.*

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World——but his Sister——

Roeb. His Sister!——Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin——Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Leanthe* well when you left her?

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh, that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose Departure occasion'd your Departure for *England.*

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir:——Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I still find there was not a Word of me——Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. *Lovewell*, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I have thrown my Cast, and am fairly in for't. But an't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue, of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehelly Rascal, not worth a Groat; and, without any farther Ceremony, am going

ing to debauch her. ——But hold—— She does not know that I'm this rakehelly Rascal; and I know that she's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty. —— O' my Conscience, upon second Thoughts, I am not so impudent neither.——Now as to my Management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda,

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the Forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. [*Aside.*

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir? [*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Bus'ness of Mankind; to adore you——My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulse of my Heart animates me with a fresh Passion——Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your eyes, whose pointed Darts have struck on a young and tender Heart, which they easily pierced, and which, unaccustom'd to such Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[*Lean. peeps.*] Oh Traytor! Just such Words he spake to me.

Luc. Hey day! I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever see me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove.*—[*Aside.*] Oh, ten thousand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting, or standing; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you——Now have I told about fifteen Lyes in a Breath. [*Aside.*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribler, who has got the Benefits of a first Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths so coarse, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinsters the Muses? Does the Parting of my Fore-top shew so thin,

thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnassus?* Do you see any thing peculiarly whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my Head were distorted by a Strangury of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, slovenly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my Hands look like Paper-Moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence. [*Offers to kiss her Hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the Ear, and* exit.

Leanthe *entring.*

Lean. How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one—[*Spitting.*]——It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth. ——— What! gone!

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate something ——— If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me. [*Aside.*] —Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read?

[*Catches her, and kisses her three or four times.*

Lean. Oh Heaven! I can never bear it. I must devise some Means to part 'em. [*Exit.*

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the Occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*] — Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc.

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties ſhould draw out of the Field. [*Going.*

Roeb. Not till we make Repriſals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam; and till you return my Heart which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And ſo, Madam, I proclaim open War again. [*Catches her.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Oh Madam! yonder's poor little *Crab*, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is lik'd to be ſtrangled.

[*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor *Crabby!* I muſt run to the Reſcue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you inſtantly. —Come, come, Page—— Poor *Crabby!*

[Exit *with* Leanthe.

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak *Crabby!*——Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue.——Had Buſs been the firſt Word of my Courtſhip, I might have gain'd the Out-works by this. Impudence in Love is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, becauſe Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthe.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's ſomething extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as ſhe promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monſieur *Crabby* rubb'd ſome of the Hairs off his Neck? has he diſorder'd his pretty Ears? ——She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you muſt excuſe her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk——— Hark'e, Sirrah, I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the *Sun*; you ſhall along with me, and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis time you had loſt your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he ſhou'd ſtay, than go there. [*Aſide.*] But why will you keep ſuch Company, Sir?

Roeb.

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell :

Men of ripe Underſtanding ſhou'd always deſpiſe
What Babes only practiſe, and Dotards adviſe.
[Exit *ſinging.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air. —— Yet I may reclaim him. His Follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Humour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming would Virtue look in him, whoſe Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unſeemlineſs of Vice !

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What, is the Gentleman gone ?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was inſtantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman ! He's one of thoſe conceited Fools, that think no Female can reſiſt their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to conſiſt in blaſpheming Heaven and Women —— I'll feed his Vanity, but ſtarve his Love.

And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.
[*Exit.*

SCENE Lyrick's *Chamber in Widow* Bullfinch's *Houſe ; Papers ſcatter'd about the Table, himſelf ſitting writing in a Night Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written —— *Riſing.*] Igad I ſhall maul theſe Topping Fellows. —— Says Mr. *Lee*,

Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juſtle in the Dark.

Says little *Lyrick*,

Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff.
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's-buff.

Very well !

Let Gods meet Gods, and ſo —— fall out and cuff.

That's

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as e'er were penn'd. Oh! here comes my damn'd Muse; I am always in the Humour of writing Elegy, after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my House, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er receiv'd eighteen Farthings, not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*. [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] You always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play ——— Sir, you shall play no more with me, I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging — a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has less of one ready Coin than t'other. ——— There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First, there's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe, for you keep the very worst Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactness of Characters ———

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Catastrophe.

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture ——— I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he. ——— Faith, Madam, poor *Pegasus* is jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he shan't slip his Neck out of the Collar, for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookſeller is to bring me ſome twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine preſently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick!* Pray what d'ye mean? I'll aſſure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muſes ſpinning——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have ſpun me ſo fine, that you have almoſt crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-ſhanks.

Bull. Why ſure——Where was your *Thalia* and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor would have ſtripped you of your Silk Waiſtcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Would all your golden Verſes have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ranſom me, but bought me as a Slave; ſo, Madam, I'll purchaſe my Freedom as ſoon as poſſible. Fleſh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Courſe, Sir——There were a couple of Gentlemen juſt now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they ſhan't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promiſe you that, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookſeller does not bring me Money——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are ſome things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick:* But I don't think 'em for my Purpoſe——Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that becauſe I take Phyſick when I write?——Damn this coſtive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aſide.*

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One muſt write himſelf into a Conſumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to ly abed when his Name's up. Now I ly abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why ſo, Sir?

Lyr.

Lyr. Becauſe I have ſcarcely any Cloaths to put on—
If ever Man did Penance in a white Sheet——

Pam. You ſtand only ſometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muſe could take ſuch Flights, yoak'd to ſuch a Cart-load as ſhe is.

Lyr. Oh! they are like the *Iriſh* Horſes, they draw beſt by the Tail——Have you ever ſeen any of my Burleſque, Mr. *Pamphlet?* I have a Project of turning three or four of our moſt topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for Example: [*Reads.*

Conqueſt with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome *in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.*

Now, *Butchers with Roſemary have our Beef adorn'd,*
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.

How d'ye like it, Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?——Well——

Like Gods, we paſs'd the rugged Alpine *Hills,*
Melted our Way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels
Thro' cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.

Now obſerve, Mr. *Pamphlet*; pray obſerve.

Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Paſſage clean.
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick!* 'Tis all wondrous fine, indeed.

Lyr. This is the moſt ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have ſeen; he underſtands a good thing.—[*Aſide.*] But as to our Bus'neſs——What are you willing to give for theſe Poems? Prithee ſay ſomething. There are about three thouſand Lines——Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is ſo exceſſive dear, that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, becauſe you're a Friend, I'll beſtow 'em upon you.——Here, take 'em all——There's the Hopes of a Dedication ſtill. [*Aſide.*

Pam. I give you a thouſand Thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the Hazard; they'll never quit Coſt indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greateſt Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation——How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below deſire to have the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Lyr. They muſt be Knaves or Fools, by their fulſome Complement. Hark ye——[*Whiſpers the Boy.*]——Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means: We muſt drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toaſt. Theſe are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publiſh'd; they'll be good Cuſtomers ——— Come, ſit down —— You have not ſeen my Play yet?——Here, take the Pen, and if you ſee any thing amiſs, correct it; I'll go bring 'em up. ——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I ſhall take cold going down Stairs.

[*He takes* Pamphlet's *Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on* Pamphlet's *Head.*

Pam. [*Solus*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the Outſide, and the Lining Fuſtian.—[*Reading.*]—This is all Stuff, worſe than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1 *Bail.* You're the King's Priſoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick.* But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the beſt Scene. —— Igad, the Drama is very well laid.

2 *Bail* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't diſturb me.———

And furious Lightnings brandiſh'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

Pamph. [*Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.*

1 *Bail.* Gentlemen——I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occaſion for Books

Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul's*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick?*

1 *Bail.* These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand Trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person: I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me? I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ah, Sir, we know what you are. by your Fool's Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits would have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [*Hauls him.*

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no, Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs: He would have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue him. Ah! these Wits are devilish cunning.

[*Exeunt, hawling* Pamphlet.

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, *and* Club; Lyrick *dress'd.*

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha —— Very Poetical, faith; a good Plot for a Play; Mr. *Mockmode*, a Bookseller bound in Calves-Leather —— Ha, ha, ha. —— How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf!

Mock. What was it? What was it, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir —— I can't but laugh, to think how they'll spunge the Sheet before the *Errata* be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the matter, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a shirking Bookseller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He would have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lard! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed! —— Mr. *Lyrick*,

will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing-master; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game of Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the Set—[*Aside*] ——But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw! Acquaintance!—You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second. ——Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will be thought Malice. Then you must have a devilish deal of Courage, by your heroick Writing——

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heavens! sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write, as little as Divines to what they preach——Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security. ——'Twas the last Word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I should never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret. [*They whisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joint. ——I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some sound Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound

for

for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often. [*Aſide.*

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd ſee this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Miſtreſs nam'd *Lucinda*; but that ſhe lodges in this Houſe, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical——Ha, ha, ha——You ſhall ſee, Sir; come——Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your [*They complement for the Door.*] Pardon, you're a 'Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lye, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man——Draw, Sir. [*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir. ——Igad, I'll put his Noſe out of Joint now.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Maſter's Friend, his Second, or ſo, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble Squire?

Mock. You lye again, Sir; Zauns, draw.

[*Strikes him with his Sword.*

Lyr. Ha! a Blow!——*Eſſex*, a Blow!——yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [*Strikes him.*

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven!—Thou art my Friend ſtill.

Mock. You lye, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monſter.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah——that ſtings home——Scribler!

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then——
I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. [*Draws.*

Enter Roebuck *drunk, and ſinging.*

France *ne'er will comply,*
Till her Claret runs dry;
Then let's pull away to defeat her:
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuſes his Glaſs,
And deſerves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Myrmidons, fall on; I have taken off the odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [*Sings.*

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight? Blood, fight. Oblige me ſo far to fight a little; I long to ſee a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I ſcorn to ſhew Sport to any Man. [*Puts up.*

Mock. And ſo do I, by the Univerſe.

Club. And I, by the Univerſe.

Lyr. I ſhall take another time. [*Exit.*

Roeb. Here, Raſcal, take your Chopping-knife—— [*Gives* Club *his Sword.*] and bring me a Joint of that Coward's Fleſh for your Maſter's Supper——Fly, Dog. [*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Club. Ah——This Fellow's likelieſt to put my Noſe out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me how you durſt be a Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir! I'm a Man of a great Eſtate, Sir; I have five thouſand Acres of good fighting Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir. —Coward, Sir! Have a care what you ſay, Sir——My Father was a Parliament-Man, Sir; and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh, then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a ſenior Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were ſuckled by *Platonick* Ideas, and you have ſome of your Mother's Milk in your Noſe yet.

Mock. Form the Propoſition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you ſo.——Blow your Noſe, Child; and have a care of dirting your Philoſophical Slabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your ſtarch'd Band, ſet by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir!——This Fellow's blind, drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then ſet a good Face upon the matter. Throw off Childiſhneſs and Folly, with your Hanging-Sleeves. Now you have left the Univerſity, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheiſt, by the Univerſe. I'll take Notice of him, and inform againſt him for being drunk ——Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb.

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot——Stay, I ſhall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! Your Memory muſt be very ſhort, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems, for I was but chriſten'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worſhip then *Turk* or *Jew* before?——I knew he was ſome damn'd bloody Dog. [*Aſide.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, ſince; for I have got a plaguy heatheniſh Name——Pox on't——Oh! now I have it——*Mo*---*Mock*----*mo*---*Mockmode.*

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you ſpell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came laſt from the Univerſity.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode.*——What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the ſame, I believe——I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families: my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame Colonel *Peaceable*——Is he not Colonel of *Militia?*

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High Sheriff of the County laſt Year?

Mock. The very ſame, Sir.

Roeb. The very ſame; I'm of that Family——And your Father dy'd about——let me ſee——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the ſame Token you got drunk at a Hunting-match that very Day ſeven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch——But it looks very ſtrange that you ſhould be chriſten'd this Morning. I'm ſure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to anſwer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to anſwer for my ſelf.

Mock. One wou'd not think ſo, you're ſo forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years ſince I was chriſten'd, and I can remember my Name ſtill.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glaſs of Wine, and that will clear our Underſtanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You muſt excuſe me, Sir. ——This is ſome Sharper. [*Aſide.*

Roeb. Nay, prithee Couſin, good Couſin *Mockmode*, one Glaſs. I know you are an honeſt Fellow. We muſt remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're ſo ſhort of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your ſelf, Sir; *Mockmode* is a Heatheniſh Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And ſo I beg your Pardon, Sir. [*Exit.*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by this little Enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a falſe Deed to cheat him of his Eſtate.

Enter Bruſh.

Where the Devil is thy Maſter? You ſaid I ſhould find him here.

Bruſh. 'Tis impoſſible for you, or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Bruſh. Becauſe he has loſt himſelf. The Devil has made a Juggler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Preſto*, paſs in an inſtant. He has got ſome damn'd Bus'neſs to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems ——I muſt be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Miſtreſs, in the Devil's Name! —Well, let my ſober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding faſt to the preſent.——I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilſt they laſt, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune:

She is an honeſt, giddy, reeling Punk;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and ſo we both are drunk.
[Exit *reeling.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's *House.*

Enter Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs *following with a Paper of Sweet-meats in her Hand.*

PINDRESS.

HERE, here, Page, your Lady has ſent you ſome Sweet-meats; but indeed you ſha'n't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She ſent ſour Sauce, when ſhe made you the Bearer. [*Aſide.*

Pind. Prithee now, what makes you conſtantly ſo melancholy? Come, you muſt be merry, and ſhall be merry; I'll get you ſome Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I. ——But I wou'd be private, *Pindreſs.*

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you. Boys and Girls ſhould ſtill be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we pleaſe; for my Miſtreſs is reading in her Cloſet, and all the Servants are below.————But what Concerns have you? I'm ſure, ſuch a little Boy can have no great Bus'neſs in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once. [*Aſide.*] ——Yes, Mrs. *Pindreſs,* I have great Inclination——

Pind. To what? To do what, Sir?—Don't name it: ——'Tis all in vain; ——you ſha'n't do it; you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiſs you. [*Kiſſes her.*

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your Kiſſes. Take it back again. [*Kiſſes him.*] Is not the taſte of the Sweet-meats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps; you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that. [*Aside.*

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won from me last Night at Cross-purposes; and you sha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.——Pray give me my *Hungary* Bottle——As I hope to be sav'd, I will have my *Hungary* Bottle.——[*Rummaging him.*]——I'm stronger than you.——I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.

[*Takes him up in her Arms.*

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter? Oh bless me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd me. Did not your Ladyship hear me cry I shou'd be ravish'd? I was so weak, I could not resist the little strong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyship come in——

Luc. What, Sirrah! would you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? must you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will so chastise him——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindress?* I'll send one of the Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I could manage him with one Hand.——See here, Madam.

[*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*

Luc. Hold, hold: Is this you that the little strong Rogue had almost ravish'd? he snatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!——Ah *Pindress, Pindress!* I see y'are very weak indeed.——Are not you asham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyship gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better way than to teaze him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubled with the Rickets, and a little shaking, Madam, wou'd do him some good.

Lean.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Bus'nefs to mind. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Pind. I hope your Ladyſhip entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've ſo good an Opinion of your Senſe, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all ſubject to playing the Fool, if you continue your Reſolution of marrying the firſt Man that asks you the Queſtion.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare ſwear that Reſolution breaks ſooner than the former. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you muſt never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuouſly, Madam, if Mr. *Lovewell* ſhou'd, with an amorous Whine, and ſuppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we ſuſpect, wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Aſſertions, before the Demonſtration of my Senſes! No, no; my Love's not ſo blind. Did not I ſee his Miſs and his Child? Did not I behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would ſettle her in a Lodging?

Pind. But, Madam, upon ſerious Reflection, where's the great Harm in all this? moſt Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at ſuch a Diſcovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child ſeem'd a luſty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, Madam, it muſt be a luſty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains I hate moſt an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modeſt, and the Gentlemen that of ſober *Lovewell.* Now methinks ſuch a piece of Debauchery ſits ſo aukwardly on a perſon of his Character, that it adds an Unſeemlineſs to the natural Vileneſs of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.——Stay, is not that he? [*Pointing outwards.*

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the Park.

Luc.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither masqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only setting a Face upon the matter. [*Puts her Masque on.*

For as Hypocrisy in Men can move,
Here's the best Hypocrite in female Love.
On even scores designing Heaven took care;
Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear. [Ex.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Lyrick *meeting*; Lyrick *reading*:

I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,
And in strong grinding Satire, gibbet up thy Name.

Love. What! in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick?*

Lyr. A little poetical Fury, that's all. ——— I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he shall be as famous in Ballad, as *Robin Hood*, or little *John*; my Muses shall haunt him like *Dæmons*; they shall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixot*.

Love. Because he encounter'd your Windmill-pate?——ha, ha, ha!——Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you must be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of Sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him: But an abuse from a Blockhead! I can never suffer it.

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School
Just Sense enough to make a noted Fool.

That stings, Mr. *Lovewell.*

Love. Pray, Sir, let me see it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you please to give your Judgment on this Piece —[*Gives him a Paper.*] 'Tis a Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Love.

Love. Ay, you Poets mount firſt on the Shoulders of your Predeceſſors, to ſee farther in making Diſcoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you ſpurn them under foot. I think you ſhould bear a Veneration to their very Aſhes.

Lyr. Ay, if moſt of their Writings had been burnt. I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty. Their great Beauties only illuſtrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you ſaw the new Tragedy laſt Night; how did it pleaſe ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to ſee the Ladies cry; to ſee ſo many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd. On my Conſcience, theſe Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the ſame white Hankerchief that blows their Noſes, muſt be a Winding Sheet to the deceas'd Hero.

Love. Then there's ſomething in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha.——But what Reliſh have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No ſatisfactory one.—My Curioſity is fore-ſtall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what ſhall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy, is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a ſtabbing himſelf, or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body elſe: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and ſpeculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and ſhams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Cataſtrophe of all Tragedies is Death, ſo the End of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And ſome think That the moſt Tragical Concluſion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience, than that upon the Stage.—I have often wonder'd why Men ſhould be fond of

ſeeing

ſeeing Fools ill repreſented, when at the ſame Time and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in their Boxes.

Love. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Intereſt. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your firſt Parent the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us ſometimes to be a little Atheiſtical; and 'tis ſo indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worſt Habit, that of Satire. Beſides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Eſteem, than Rallery, becauſe 'tis ſtill founded upon Jealouſy; occaſion'd by their preferring ſenſeleſs Fops and wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think theſe Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How ſo, pray Sir?

Love. Becauſe they play the Fool, conſcious that it will pleaſe; and you're a Wit, when ſenſible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Senſe ſhould turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment, will undertake it.

Lyr. The reaſon of that is, every one that knows not a Tittle of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of it.——By the Lard, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Criticks next to the Plague, Peſtilence, and Famine, in my Litany.——Had you ſeen 'em laſt Night in the Pit, with ſuch demure ſupercilious Faces——their contemplative Wigs thruſt judiciouſly backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chafe ill Nature; and with a hiſſing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Piſh! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him!——Lord, have Mercy upon us!

Love. Ay, and you ſhall have others as fooliſh as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who ſhall laugh outragiouſly at every ſmutty Jeſt; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Diſtich

of

of Rhyme happens, they clap ſo loud, that they drown the Jeſt.

Lyr. That's the Jeſt. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you muſt gather it from the Palmiſtry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill ſaid, but what's ill taken; ſo nothing's well ſaid, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry, without theſe laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty ſounding Bus'neſs, good for nothing; and all we Profeſſors might go hang our ſelves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha—— But I thought Poetry was inſtructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you muſt know, they are too nice to read Sermons; ſuch Inſtructions are too groſs for their refin'd Apprehenſions; but any Precepts that may be inſtill'd by eaſy Numbers, ſuch as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonſenſe, with a *Firſtly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly:* But they take up with ſome of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morality muſt be deviliſh inſtructive. ——But I muſt be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him?

Love. That which ſhall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you muſt be ſeemingly reconcil'd to him. —— Let's ſtep aſide, and obſerve 'em, while I give you a hint of the matter. [Exeunt *between the Scenes, and ſeem to confer and hearken.*

Enter Mockmode, *leading* Trudge *dreſs'd like a Widow.*

Mock. This is very fine Weather, bleſſed Weather indeed, Madam: 'twill do abundance of good to the Graſs and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland.*

Mock.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (rest his Soul) say so; he was an *Irish* Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Discourse. ——Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. O Lard! What shall I say now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aside.*] It cost, Sir; let me see——it cost about ——but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small things.

Mock. By the Universe, she must be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam—I—I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck!* Was that your first Husband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind.] She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. [*Aside.*] Madam, will you grant me a small Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it? [*Kneels.*

Trud. What is't, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell *enters.*

Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all—By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady?

[*Pushes* Mockmode *down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront, or not—[*Aside.*]——Pretensions, Sir! I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretensions to her.——Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock.

Mock. No, Sir! Igad that muſt be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.——Sir, I reſpect all Men of Senſe, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mockmode.*

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's very comical! That a Fellow ſhould pretend to tell me my own Name!—— Another Queſtion, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Chriſten'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you perſuade me out of my Chriſten'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Univerſe ——[*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you muſt know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only ſign of Chriſtianity you can boaſt of.——And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I ſay, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only ſign of a *Turk* you can brag of.——I wiſh *Club* were come. [*Aſide.*

Love. Sir, I ſhall certainly circumciſe you, if you make any farther Pretenſions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumciſe me! Circumciſe a Pudding's end, Sir.——Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady, who merits Circumciſion moſt, you or I, Sir. Theſe *London* Blades are all ſtark mad;——[Lucinda *enters, and obſerves* Lovewell *courting* Trudge *in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd perſuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that ſpeaks plain to me. I muſt be Friends with him, becauſe I find I may have Occaſion for ſuch a Friend; I'll find him out ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Love. Madam, will you walk? [*Exit with* Trudge.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pin.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There muſt be ſomething in this more than we imagine. You had beſt to talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poiſon in it, and that I could ſpit Death in his Face.

Pin If he is loſt, your hard Uſage this Morning has occaſion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loſs, I deſpiſe him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Paſſion which can ſtoop ſo low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the 'Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell*'s Diſgrace wou'd bring him into Favour preſently.

Luc. It certainly ſhall, if he be not as great a Fool, as t'other's falſe.

Pin. You may be miſtaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. No, *Pindreſs*; I ſhall find what I read in the laſt Miſcellanies very true:

But two Diſtinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter ſeveral Maſques croſſing the Stage, and Roebuck *following.*

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes ſwimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdneſs, as the 'Change is of Knavery.——The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here ——I begin to think Whoring ſcandalous, 'tis grown ſo mechanical.——My Modeſty will do me no good, I fear——Madam, are you a Whore? [*Catches a Maſque.*

1 *Maſ.* Yes, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Short and Pithy.——If ever Woman ſpake Truth, I believe thou haſt. [*Second Maſque pulls him by the Elbow.*] Have you any Buſineſs with me, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* Pray, Sir, be civil; you're miſtaken, Sir—— [I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all the Afternoon. *Aſide.*] you're miſtaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modeſt.

2 *Maſ.* So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2 *Maſ.* Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow.——Then I ſuppoſe you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadneſs of your Bottom, I ſhould gueſs you ſat very much behind a Counter.

2 *Maſ.* My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons, a Judge! I ſhall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat ſo long.——'Tis very hard, Madam, he ſhou'd not do you Juſtice: Has not he an Eſtate in Tail, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* I ſeldom examine his Papers: They are a parcel of old dry ſhrivell'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is ſo deviliſh crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph——Then I ſuppoſe, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Caſe to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2 *Maſ.* O Heavens forbid! Such a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe—— Pray, Madam, how does that Watch ſtrike?

2 *Maſ.* It never ſtrikes, it only points to the Buſineſs, as you muſt do, without telling Tales. Dare you meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I ſhall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2 *Maſ.* Well, take it.——At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle-Temple*. *Coke upon Littleton* be the Word. [*Exit.*

Roeb.

Roeb. So——if the Law be all ſuch Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Coke upon Littleton* in Sheets, deliver me.

Love. What engag'd, Myrmidon! I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almoſt tir'd.

Love. What a miſerable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wiſe Man hates.

Roeb. What, moralizing again! Oh, I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard.

Love. Pſhaw.

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, ſee my Note of Admiſſion. [*Shews the Watch.*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Ay, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I deſign to pay honeſtly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th' Score-----But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? Is ſhe kind? Ha?

Enter a Maſque, croſſing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a ſtately Cruiſer; I muſt give her one Chace———I'll tell you when I return.

[*Exit running.*

Love. I find he has been at a Loſs there, which occaſions his Eagerneſs for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suſpicion: I believe her Virtue ſo ſacred, that 'tis a piece of Atheiſm to diſtruſt its Exiſtence. But Jealouſy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is ſtill raiſing Doubts, which, without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Love. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a ſmall Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me ſee't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Love.

Love. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bless you, Master.

[*Gives him a Letter, and* exit.

Love. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the End on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some Secret, and therefore shall be known. [*Opens the Letter.*

SIR, *Tuesday*, 3 o' Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was somewhat strange; but I shall tell you the Cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden, the Back-door shall be open. Yours, LUCINDA.

Oh Heavens! Certainly it can't be! — *L,U,C,I,N,D,A*; that spells *Woman*. 'Twas never written so plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a false one. Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiss of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd *the Back-door open*. Mr. *Roebuck*, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em—— But how shall I shake him off? ——Oh, I have it; I'll seek him instantly. [*Exit.*

Enter Roebuck, *meeting the Porter.*

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck?*

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You lye, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I a'n't positive I gave it to the right Person; but I'm very sure I did, for he answer'd the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy Throat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, noble Sir. [*Exit.*

Roeb. At Ten in the Garden! The Back-door open! Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breasts, Trembling Joints, Melting Sighs, and eager Embraces! Oh Extasy!——But how to shake off *Lovewell*——This is his nicely virtuous! Ha, ha, ha——This is his innate Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter

Enter Lovewell.

Love. How now! Why ſo merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog ſplit, Man; Ha, ha, ha. ——The Watch, Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, ſure!

Roeb. Ah, but I ſhall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer ——Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I ſhou'd laugh to ſee how gravely his Gooſe Cap ſits upon a pair of Horns! Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence. ——I receiv'd a Note juſt now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note? What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't. [*Aſide.*

Love. And you may be ſignally ſerviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Teſtimony of my Affection, than by making ſo free with you.

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence.

Love. There's more than that, Friend. ——In the firſt place, I don't underſtand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and ſuch a Buſineſs might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you muſt meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I ſhan't ſtick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, ſo I may do it fairly, or ſo—The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields.*

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your ſelf the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a diſtance, leſt you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, ſince I'm to anſwer an Appointment for you, you muſt make good an Aſſignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the *Temple* to Night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell

tell you the Hour, and ſhall be your Paſſport. Let me have yours. [*Change Watches.*

Lov. Oh! Was that the Jeſt? Ha, ha, ha.——— Well, I will anſwer an Aſſignation for you ſure enough. Ha, ha, ha.——— How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut! [*Aſide.*

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have ſhabb'd him off purely. *Aſide.*]——But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel?

[*Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.*

Love. Pſhaw! A Trifle, a Trifle; from a Miſtreſs. ———Take care on't, tho'. But, hark ye, *George*; don't puſh too home; have a care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. Gad, I am afraid one or both of us may fall. But, d'ye hear *Ned*, remember you ſent me on this Errand, and are therefore anſwerable for all Miſchief; if I do whip my Adverſary thro' the Lungs, or ſo, remember you ſet me upon't.

Love. Well, honeſt *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courteſy.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my ſelf by ſerving my Friend——— I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. [*Aſide.*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was ſo eaſy before. [*Aſide.*] Well; good Succeſs to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Tranſactions that paſs.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Aſs.

[*Exeunt ſeverally, laughing.*

Re-enter Lovewell *croſſing the Stage haſtily*, Mockmode *and* Lyrick *following him.*

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a word w'ye.

Love. Let it be ſhort, pray Sir, for my Bus'neſs is urgent, and 'tis almoſt dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Preſentment of a Copy of Verſes to ingratiate myſelf

wholly, throughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you just now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, —— Here —— — farewell. [*Exit.*

[*Pulls the Poem hastily, and justles out a Letter with it, which* Mockmode *takes up.*

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen; but, between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty! —— When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who, with their good Will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; some Billet-Doux, I suppose; it justl'd out of *Lovewell*'s Pocket. We'll to the next Light, and read it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A dark Arbour in* Lucinda's *Garden.*

Enter Roebuck *solus.*

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradise; *Cupid* stood Centry at the Entrance; *Love* was the Word, and he let me pass. —— Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, ten to one he's non-suited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his Fighting Humour

Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Miſtreſs.

Roeb. Hark, hark! I hear a Voice; it muſt be ſhe ——*Lucinda!*

Love. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms.

[*Run into each other's Arms; finding the Miſtake, ſtart back.*

Love. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil—— And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand ſhou'd conjure thee down—— [*Draws.*

Love. We ſhould find whoſe Charm is ſtrongeſt. [*Draws. They puſh by one another;* Roebuck *paſſes out at the oppoſite Door: And as* Lovewell *is paſſing out on the other ſide of the Stage,*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Mr. Roebuck! Sir! Mr. *Roebuck!*

[*With a Night-Gown over his Cloaths.*

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll ſwear —— Madam.——

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've ſtaid a little too long; but making an Apology now, were only lengthning the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments miſpent.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda*, you're ſo fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. Falſe, falſe, *Roebuck!*——[*Aſide.*]——I am loſt.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to ſo late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witneſs all thoſe Powers you juſt now mention'd.

Love. Revenge your ſelves, ye Heavens. Behold, in me, your Accuſer and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell.* ——— This Darkneſs, which opportunely hides your Bluſhes, makes your Shame more monſtrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell!* I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be miſtaken ——— Now, Female Policy, aſſiſt me.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty. ——Farewell, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What, am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha. ——— This happens better than I expected. ——— Ha, ha, ha. ——— Mr. *Lovewell!*

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's ſprung already, and all your Deceit diſcovered.

Lean. Indeed, you're a fine Fellow at diſcovering Deceits, I muſt confeſs, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

Love. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's ſprung already. ——— Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at diſcovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Diſcovery is the greateſt Riddle ——— Prithee, Child, what makes thee diſguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck?*

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it. ——— Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Aſſignation, and ſent me in her ſtead, to banter him. But when I tell her, how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were--- ———Ha, ha, ha.

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the matter? ——— [*Hugs her.*] O'my Conſcience, thou'rt ſo ſoft, I believe thou'rt a Woman ſtill. But who was that Man I encounter'd juſt now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck.* ——— [*Aſide.*] Some of the Footmen, I ſuppoſe. ——— Come, Sir, I muſt

muſt conduct you out immediately, leſt ſome more of 'em meet you.

[*Conducts him to the Door, and returns.*

He certainly was here, and I have miſs'd him.
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink thoſe already blind.
Wary Deceit can many by-ways tread,
To ſhun the Blocks in Virtue's open Road,
Whilſt heedleſs Innocence ſtill falls on Ruin;
Yet, whilſt by Love inſpir'd, I will purſue:
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his Falſhood ſhall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true Paſſion prove;
For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-Chamber in* Lucinda's *Houſe; the Flat* Scene *half open, diſcovers a Bed-Chamber;* Lucinda *in her Night-Gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck *groping his way.*

ROEBUCK.

ON what new happy Climate am I thrown? This Houſe is Love's Labyrinth; I have ſtumbled into it by Chance.—— Ha! an Illuſion! let me look again.—Eyes, if you play me falſe, [*Looking about*] I'll pluck ye out—'Tis ſhe! 'tis *Lucinda!* alone, undreſs'd, in a Bed-chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock —— A bleſſed Opportunity!—Now if her innate Principle of

Virtue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence.——Hold, ſhe comes forward. ———

[Lucinda *approaches reading.*

Luc. Unjuſt Prerogative of faithleſs Man,
Abuſing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour ſtood
As Próps and Beauties to the Female Cauſe;
But now lie proſtitute to Scorn and Sport.
Man, made our Monarch. is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind muſt bear a ſecond Fall.

Roeb. [*Aſide.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm miſtaken. ——— I muſt divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis ſo ſtill; for [*raiſing his Voice.*]
Beau with earlieſt Cherries Miſs does grace,
And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me Heavens! What art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accurſed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Fleſh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received, to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I muſt not own the Reception of a Note from her. [*Aſide.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Deſtiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cauſe you to withdraw; if a Ruffian, my Footman ſhall diſpoſe of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to ſave her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principals: and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burleſqu'd by thy profeſſing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence,

pudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit ſhew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beaſt.

Roeb. Philoſophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches — [*Aſide.*] And, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddeſs; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debaſer of it.——The Paſſions of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenneſs; Heat of Luſt, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the ſame——is my Receipt.——Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to Reſt that will diſturb our Pleaſure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars, that directed me hither, wink at what we are about.——'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and ſhe, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a ſecond Opportunity. ——I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love ſhall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir!——Thou haſt Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Queſtion. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue?——If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whoſe Modeſty dares not doubt my Virtue; yet have ſo much Pride to ſupport it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex, at my Feet; ſhould not extort an immodeſt Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modeſt as you pleaſe, Madam.——You ſhall be as virtuous to-morrow Morning, as e'er a Nun in *Europe*; the Opinion of the World ſhall proclaim you ſuch, and that's the ſureſt Charter the moſt rigid Virtue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to ſee, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiſs ſhall ſeal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Cenſure of Women, argues the Meanneſs of thy Converſation.

Roeb. Her ſuperior Virtue awes me into Coldneſs.—'Slife! it can't be Twelve ſure.——Night's a Lyar.

[*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I muſt fetch thoſe ſhall conduct you hence.—My Eyes are dazzled ſure.

[*Paſſing by him towards the Door, ſhe perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Pray, Sir, let me ſee that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens ſhe has a mind to't!——Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by ſo poor a Thought.——But anſwer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now ſhall ask: Whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Miſtreſs.

Luc. A Trifle, ſaid he?—Oh Indignation! am I ſlighted thus?——I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve.——If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, ſaid ſhe? [*Aſide.*

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. *Roebuck!*

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I had forgot my Inſtructions—*Mockmode*, Madam.——*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. *Mockmode*, my 'Squire! it can't be: But if it ſhou'd, I've made the better Exchange.——Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire*, Madam: My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the Univerſity; I have fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground, as any in *England*.——'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to Day. [*Aſide.*

Luc.

Luc. The very ſame.————And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London?*

Roeb. Umph!——How ſhould I have found the way hither elſe, Madam?—What the Devil will this come to? [*Aſide.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.——Dreams go by Contraries.——Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Deſigns are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden till I ſend for my Chaplain: You muſt take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm loſt for ever. [*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very ſober *Shropſhire* Gentleman in good earneſt; I don't ſtart at the Name of the Parſon——Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it? Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.——Oh! but there are Children, ſquawling Children. Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.————Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I ſhall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reaſonable, ſince all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds ſhould go thither.——But then, there's *Leanthe!* that ſticks. I love her, witneſs Heaven, I love her to that Degree — Pſhaw, I ſhall whine preſently— I love her as well as any Woman; and what can ſhe expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water. ——Fortune has decreed it otherwiſe.————So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into—— Matrimony. [*Going out, meets* Leanthe.] Oh my dear auſpicious little *Mercury!* let me kiſs thee.———— Go, tell thy charming Miſtreſs, I obey her Commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I muſt follow him. [*Going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!—— Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd presently.

Lean. Marry'd so suddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do?—Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heav'n's sake. Mr. *Lovewell*'s in the House; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Lovewell* in my House! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Harbour in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly. [*Exit.*

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won;
For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd
On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings (break.
Discovering who I am, exposes me to Shame.
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pin. Oh Lord! Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.————But stay, let me consider o' th' Business.

Pind. No Consideration; the Bus'ness must be done hand over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress.* [*Takes her Hand.*

Pind. You expect tho' that I should turn up trump?

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. *Aside.*]——Well, *Pindress*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour, at the West-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.——Haste.

Pind. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown first?

Lean. No, no, you shall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pind. A Green Gown!——Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my Spouse, fly.

Pind. And will you come? will you be sure to come? ——O my little Green-Gooseberry, my Teeth water at ye!——

Lean. Now Chance——No, thou'rt blind:

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.
[*Exit.*

SCENE, Bulfinch's *House.*

Enter Lovewell, Brush *and* Servant.

Love. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, say'st thou! and *Mockmode* with him!

Ser. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Love. I don't understand this.——*Brush*, run to *Lucinda*'s Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [*Exit* Brush.]——Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode*'s Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club.*

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir. but he's asleep, and in Bed.——Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club.*

Club. Augh——[*Yawning.*] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me——Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, *with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters unty'd, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.*

Club. Pox o'your *London* Beeeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh——'Tis a sad thing to be broken of one's Rest this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master!——Augh——
[*Stretching and yawning.*

Love. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master!——Augh——What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep——Augh——

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or——Where's your Master?

Club. Augh——I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me——Augh——I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares. ——Augh——And so, Sir, you call'd me——Augh. ——And so I awaken'd.

Love. Sirrah, [*Strikes him*]——Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir.

Love. What then, Sir?

Club.

Club. Why then my Maſter is—where you are not, Sir.——My Maſter's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are——here, I take it. [*Shrugging.*

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Miſtreſs *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Bus'neſs, and my Maſter will do her Buſineſs. I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropſhire* Breed, which I'm ſure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves ſuckl'd on the ſame Cow—— Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Cataſtrophe ſo ſoon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory that you would give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Maſter's over Head and Ears in the *Iriſh* Quagmire you would have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Love. He may paſs over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were ſtepping Stones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-ſhod, I'll aſſure you.— Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night?——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Love. 'Sdeath, Raſcal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and juſtled that ſweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Maſter's Hands, Sir, and diſcover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud, as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune! And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll ſpit you like a Sparrow.

Club.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth——Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata——Cata——what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.——'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet! I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synalœpha of him: I'll——

Club. He, he, he! ——Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow!——He, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [*Runs off, and* Lovewell *after him.*

SCENE *changes to the Anti-Chamber in* Lucinda's *House; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.*

Enter Brush.

Brush. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—a Sword and a Hat!——There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my Lady's Lavender, who knows? [*Listens.*

Enter Lovewell *in a hurry.*

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd——

Brush. I believe so too, Sir.——See here!

[*Shews the Hat and Sword.*

Love. By all my Hopes, *Roebuck*'s Hat and Sword! This is Mischief upon Mischief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any Body, secure 'em; I'll search the House.——I'm ruin'd!——Fly—*Roebuck?*—What hoa?——*Roebuck?*——hoa?

Enter Roebuck *unbutton'd; runs to* Lovewell *and embraces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wish me Joy, wish me Joy, my Friend.

Love.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the dearest, tender'st, whitest, softest Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and must fly again to her Embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir; I hope you mock me; tho' that it self's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!——By Heav'ns, No: She's more than Sense can bear, or Tongue express.——O *Lucinda!* Should Heaven——

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must confess all.

When her soft melting, white, and yielding Waist,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kisses,
Whilst in soft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance.——By Heav'n I swear you sha'n't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I swear so too; for I'm marry'd already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man!——Pshaw, that's Nonsense. A poor Fellow can no sooner get marry'd, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently.——You may call me Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's sake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorefields?*

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter.——Draw.

[*Throws* Roebuck *his Sword, and draws his own.*

Roeb.

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other Buſineſs to mind on my Wedding-night. I muſt in to my Bride. [*Going.*

Love. Hold, Sir; move a ſtep, and by Heavens I'll ſtab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pſhaw, I a'n't prepar'd to die; I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why, you won't be ſo unconſcionable as to kill a Man ſo ſuddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if preſs'd by ſtinging Taunts, my Paſſion urge my Arm to act what's foul. [*Offers to puſh at him.*

Roeb. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*]-'Tis ſafeſt making Peace, they ſay, with Sword in Hand——— I'll tell thee what, *Ned*; I would not loſe this Night's Pleaſure for the Honour of fighting and vanquiſhing the Seven Champions of *Chriſtendom.* Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thruſt with you to morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life!——— Then thou art a Coward

Roeb. You imagined the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for you in *Moorfields.*

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall?———Thou'rt baſe, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee: Therefore name not that Word again, for ſuch a Repetition wou'd over-pay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou haſt catched it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendſhip even yet does balance my Paſſion; but throw in the leaſt Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [*Pauſing*] No, I've thought better; my Reaſon clears—She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only

only ſhould draw in her Defence, for She's falſe, a Proſtitute. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Roeb. A Proſtitute! By Heavens, thou ly'ſt [*Draws.* ——Thou haſt Blaſphemed. Her Virtue anſwers the uncorrupted State of Woman; ſo much above Modeſty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I ſtand Champion now for the fair Female Cauſe.

Love. Then I have loſt what nought on Earth can pay. Curſe on all Doubts, all Jealouſies, that deſtroy our preſent Happineſs, by miſtruſting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell————And is ſhe virtuous? Sound the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Siſter.

Love. My Siſter!————Ha!———— I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Siſter; for her you courted, and I heard ſhe lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her alſo; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendſhip tow'rds ————and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have ſtopp'd the Marriage. But ſince 'tis paſt, I muſt own to you, to her, and all the World, that I caſt off all former Paſſion, and ſhall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms, from which I juſt now parted.

Enter Leanthe *in Woman's looſe Apparel.*

Lean. I take you at your Word: Theſe are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happineſs! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Siſter! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it ſhall, it muſt be ſo—— For none on Earth cou'd give ſuch Joys, but ſhe—— Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increaſe? *Lovewell,* my Friend! This is thy Siſter! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My Miſtreſs, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Siſter, Sir; as ſuch, I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Paſſion, which has driven

ven me into ſome imprudent Actions: But none ſuch as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in ſuſpence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I ſent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I———

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Siſter and Guardian-Angel; for thou haſt bleſs'd thy ſelf, and bleſs thy Brother. *Lucinda* ſtill is ſafe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May! She ſhall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda?*

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Univerſe.

Lean. You muſt give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thouſand Pardons, by the Univerſe, Madam, Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to ſalute her aukwardly.*

Love. By your leave, Sir.——— [*Thruſts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Couſin *Mockmode!* ——— How do all our Friends in *Shropſhire?*———

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Couſin, your Crack. But, Gentlemen, by the Aſſiſtance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes ſhall teſtify. Bring in the Jury there.———Guilty, or not Guilty?

Enter Lyrick *and* Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck!* [Trudge *ſeeing* Roebuck, *throws off her Maſque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kiſſes him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been theſe ſeven long Years?

Mock. Zauns!

Roeb. Hold off, ſtale Iniquity.———Madam, you'll pardon this? [*To* Leanthe.

Trud.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me, ſo you did.——Ah, Sir, *Neddy*'s a brave Boy, God bleſs him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty, or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode?*

Mock. 'Tis paſt that; I am condemn'd; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Nooſe.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do ſo again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye——Mr. *Lyrick,* is this your Poetical Friendſhip?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireſhip.

Love. Now, Siſter, my Fears are over.——But where's *Lucinda?* How is ſhe diſpos'd of?

Lean. The Fear ſhe lay under of being diſcover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of impoſing *Pindreſs* upon her inſtead of this Gentleman, whom ſhe expected to wear one of *Pindreſs*'s Night-Gowns as a Diſguiſe. To make the Cheat more current, ſhe diſguis'd her ſelf in my Cloaths, which has made her paſs on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, paſt upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda:* My next Buſineſs is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Diſcovery of the Miſtakes between both will eaſily effect. [*Exit.*

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To* Lyrick.] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you ſo now?) this 'Squire had a mind to perſonate *Lovewell,* to catch *Lucinda.*——So I made *Trudge* to perſonate *Lucinda,* and ſnap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium?*

Mock. My *Epithalamium!* my *Epitaph,* Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. Theſe are hard Times, and Men of Induſtry muſt make Money.

Mock.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Univerſe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling, upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapſide*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

[*Gives* Roebuck *the Bill.*

The Executioner ſhall cut the Rope. [*Goes to the Door, and brings in* Bullfinch *dreſs'd like a Parſon.*

Here's Revelation for you! [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon!*

Love. What, Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Prieſt?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Chriſtianity the Poets were Prieſts.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Would it not do well for a Play?——My Money, Sir—— [*To* Roebuck.

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman —— [*Gives it to Trudge.*] you have divorc'd her, and muſt give her a ſeparate Maintenance.——There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, *Mr. Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are theſe can teſtify the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much ſuch another Perſon as your Dream repreſented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my diſſembling, ſince only the Hopes of ſo great a Purchaſe could cauſe it.

Luc. Let my wiſhing you much Joy and Happineſs in your Bride, teſtify my Reconciliation; and at the Requeſt of your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your paſt Jealouſies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Iriſh* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wiſh it preſent now, to aſſiſt at your Siſter's Nuptials.

Lean. At my laſt going hence, I ſent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An* Iriſh *Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dreſs'd after the* Fingallian *Faſhion.*

Luc.

Luc. I muſt reward your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore ſettle my Fortune and my ſelf on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Eſtate in *Ireland* to your Siſter, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviſo, Brother, That you forſake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always ſlighted Gold,
But moſt when offer'd as a ſordid Bribe.
I ſcorn to be brib'd even to Virtue,
But for bright Virtue's ſake, I here embrace it.
[*Embracing* Leanthe.
I have eſpous'd all Goodneſs with *Leanthe*,
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames
Debauch us firſt, and ſofter Love reclaims.
Thus Paradiſe was loſt by Woman's Fall,
But virtuous Woman thus reſtores it all.

[Exeunt omnes.

E P I-

EPILOGUE.

Written and ſpoke by *Jo. Haynes* in Mourning.

I *Come not here, your Poet's Fate too ſee,*
He and his Play may both be damn'd for me :
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn *for* Thee.
And muſt theſe Structures then untimely fall,
Whilſt th'other Houſe ſtands, and gets the Devil and all ?
Muſt ſtill kind Fortune through all Weathers ſteer 'em ?
And Beauties bloom there, ſpite of Edax Rerum ?
Vivitur ingenio, *that damn'd Motto there,*
[Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me firſt to be a wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed ! Oh Tempora ! *Oh* Mores !
I know that Stage muſt down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho'—(Pray now ſpeak)
After all our Services, to let us break ?
You cannot do't, unleſs the Devil's in ye.
What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye ?
Firſt, to divert ye with ſome new French *Strowlers ;*
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars.
[Mocking the late Singers.

When their Male-Throats no longer drew your Money,
We got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardleſs Songſter we cou'd ne'er make much on :
The Females found a damn'd Blotch in his 'Scutcheon.
An Italian *now we've got, of mighty Fame,*
Don Sigiſmondo Fideli—— *There's Muſick in his Name :*
His

EPILOGUE.

His Voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20 l. a time.
He's a handsome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the Devil take him.
Besides, lest our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've pickt up Gipsies now to please, or fright ye.

Lastly, to make our House more Courtly shine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Heroes *did their* Tour *design.*
To mend their Manners, *and coarse* English *Feeding,*
They went to Ireland, *to improve their* Breeding;
Yet, for all this, we still are at a loss,
Oh Collier! Collier! *thou'st frighted away Miss* C---s:
She, to return our Foreigners Complaisance,
At Cupid's *Call has made a* Trip *to* France.
Love's Fire-Arms *here, are since not worth a Sous:*
We've lost the only Touch-hole *of our* House.

Losing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience must Jo. Haynes *undo,*
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, *O Stage,*
Resist the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiser, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-house for a Boarding-School:
D'ye think the Maids *won't be in a sweet Condition,*
When they are under Jo. Haynes's *grave Tuition?*
They'll have no occasion then, I'm sure, to Play,
They'll have such Comings-in *another way.*

FINIS.

'rnoldus Vanhaecken Delin: Ægidius King sculpsit.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE: OR, A Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

The *Sixth Edition*; with a New *SCENE* Added to the PART of *Wildair*; and a New *PROLOGUE*.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam:
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.
Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN CLARKE, under the *Royal-Exchange*; and Sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's-Head* over-against St. *Clement's* Church.

MDCCXXXV.

To the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bart.

OF

Mostyn-Hall in *Flintshire*.

SIR,

'TIS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this *Play* to the World,

will alſo reconcile my Addreſſes to You, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your *Merits* may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greateſt *Penegyrick* upon you, SIR, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character; the Fire of Youth, with the *Sedateneſs* of a *Senator*, and the *Modern Gaiety* of a fine *Engliſh* Gentleman, with the Noble *Solidity* of the Antient *Briton*.

This is the Character, SIR, which all *Men*, but your Self, are proud to publiſh of You, and which more celebrated *Pens* than mine ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity.

The *Play* has had ſome Noble Appearances to honour its *Repreſentation*; and to compleat the *Succeſs*, I have preſum'd to prefix ſo Noble a Name to uſher it into the World. A ſtately *Frontiſpiece* is the Beauty of a Building. But here I muſt tranſverſe *Ovid*:

Materia ſuperabit Opus.

I am, Honourable SIR,

Your moſt Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

GEO. FARQUHAR.

PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors *are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the* Beauties *of this* Play, *especially those of the Third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferred them.*

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an Ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very Ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) *that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure*

Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English *are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a* Comedy *may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.*

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play; *of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the* Actors, *and also (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the* Theatre-Royal *affords an Excellent and Compleat* Set of Comedians. *Mr.* Wilk's *Performance has set him so far above Competition in the* Part *of* Wildair, *that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the* Part, *will appear from hence, that whenever the* Stage *has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir* Harry Wildair *may go to the* Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee *for a* Misnomer: *I must tell them, That perhaps there are greater* Trips *in the* Play; *and when I find that more exact* Plays *have had better Success, I'll talk with the* Criticks *about* Decorums, *&c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more Excusable.*

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS *will think so nothing checks their Fury,*
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, *and* Women *for their JURY.*
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for, in a mingl'd Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' Great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors *Court the Few, the Wise, if any;*
Our Youth's *content, if he can reach the Many;*
Who go with much-like Ends to Church *and* Play,
Not to observe what Priests *or* Poets *say,*
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies *safe may smile: for here's no Slander,*
No Smut, no Lewd-tongu'd Beau, *no double Entendre.*
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France:
But then so far from Beau——*why he talks Sense!*
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but--seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang, to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only Witty, tho', just as he lives, by Fits.
Who Lion-like, *through* Bayliffs, *scours away,*
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day:
At Night, with empty Bowels, Grumbles o'er the PLAY.
And now the Modish Prentice *he implores,*
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of——*Honourable Whores:*
While their good Bulky Mother, pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.

Next

Next, to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who, all your Side-box Tricks, are much above,
And never fail to pays us——with their Love.
Ah Friends! *Poor* Dorset-*Garden House is gone:*
Our merry Meetings there are all undone.
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's *pull'd it o'er our Heads;*
Snaps Rope *like* Thread; *but when his* Fortune's *told him,*
He'll hear, perhaps, of Rope, *will one Day hold him:*
At least, I hope, that our Good-natur'd Town,
Will find a Way to pull his Prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, Gentlemen, for the PLAY,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
Such as it is, for your Delight, design'd:
Hear it, Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find.

A New PROLOGUE.

In ANSWER to my very Good Friend, Mr. *Oldmixon*; who, having Two *PLAYS* Damn'd at the *Old House*, had a Mind to curry Favour, to have a Third Damn'd at the *New*.

'TIS hard the Author *of this* PLAY *in view,*
Shou'd be Condemn'd, purely for pleasing you:
Charg'd with a Crime, *which you his* Judges, *own*
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no POET's Verse, *nor* DOCTOR's Bills;
No Foe to B——re, *yet a Friend to* Wills.
No Reputation Stabb'd, *by sour Debate;*
Nor had a Hand in Bankrupt Brisco's Fate:
And, as an Ease to's Tender Conscience, *vows,*
He's none of those that Broke the t'other House:

PROLOGUE.

In perfect Pity to their Wretched Cheer,
Becduſe his PLAY *was Bad———he brought it here.*
The dreadful Sin of Murder *cries aloud;*
And ſure thoſe Poets *ne'er can hope for Good,*
Who dipp'd their Barb'rous Pens *in that poor Houſe's Blood.*
'Twas Malice all: No Malice like to Theirs,
To write Good PLAYS, *purpoſe to ſtarve the* Players.
To ſtarve by's Wit, *is ſtill the* Poet's *due;*
But, here are Men, whoſe Wit, *is match'd by few;*
Their Wit *both ſtarves themſelves, and others too.*
Our PLAYS *are* Farce, *becauſe our* Houſe *is Cramm'd;*
Their PLAYS *all Good; For what?——becauſe they're Damn'd.*
Becauſe we pleaſure you, you call us Tools;
And 'cauſe you pleaſe your ſelves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are Wits *true Blue;*
And, Men of Breeding, by their Reſpects to you.
To engage the Fair, *all other Means being loſt,*
They fright the Boxes with Old Shakeſpear's GHOST:
The Ladies *of ſuch* Spectres *ſhould take heed;*
For, 'twas the DEVIL *did raiſe the* Ghoſt *indeed.*
Their Caſe is hard, that ſuch Deſpair can ſhow;
They've diſoblig'd all Powers Above, they know;
And now muſt have Recourſe to Powers Below.
Let Shakeſpear *then lie ſtill,* Ghoſts *do no good;*
The Fair *are better pleas'd with Fleſh and Blood:*
What is't to them, to mind the Antient's *Taſte?*
But, the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in Haſte.

Runs off.

Drammatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Harry Wildair*, An Airy Gentleman affecting humorous Gaiety, and Freedom, in his Behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Standard, A Disbanded Colonel, Brave and Generous.	Mr. *Powel.*
Vizard, Outwardly Pious, otherwise a great Debauchee and Villanous.	Mr. *Mills.*
Smuggler, An old Merchant.	Mr. *Johnson.*
Clincher, A pert *London* Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Clincher, jun. His Brother educated in the Country.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dicky, His Man.	Mr. *Norris.*
Tom. Errand, A Porter.	Mr. *Haines.*

WOMEN.

Lurewell, A Lady of a Jilting Temper proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lady *Darling*, An old Lady, Mother to *Angelica*.	Mrs. *Powell.*
Angelica, A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parley, Maid to *Lurewell*.	Mrs. *Moor.*

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Park.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter*, Servant *following.*

VIZARD.

ANGELICA ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Servant. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of theſe virtuous Women is more unſufferable, than the Immodeſty of Proſtitutes——After all my Encouragement, to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, That imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you Acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her

that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrify, and that ſhe believes your Letter like your ſelf, fair on the out-ſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very firſt Opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Eſteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out. Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrify——Run to the Lady *Lurewell*'s, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening; her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn. [*Exit Servant.*

(Viz. *pulls out a Book, reads and walks about.*)

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his *Meditation* ſo early; ſome Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aſide.*) O Uncle *Smuggler!* to find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Couſin *Vizard*.

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion ſo near the Court——I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is heatheniſh, and every Man's Breath I meet, ſcents of Atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great Concern muſt bring you to this unſanctified End of the Town.

Smug.

Smug. A very unſanctified Concern, truly Couſin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-ſuit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebaſtian*'s, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French* Wines in *Spaniſh* Caſks, and has indicted me upon the *Statute* ———O Conſcience, Conſcience! theſe Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French* Wines, than the War did with the *French Privateers*———Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why ſo?

Stand. Becauſe———I'm diſbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a thouſand Men, that look'd like Lions Yeſterday, were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as the Herd of Deer that gras'd beſide 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral *(Singing)* I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd ill Nature; had not theſe brave Fellows Swords defended you, your Houſe had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears—— Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?—— Venture your Lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me———Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives ſhall, old *Acteon:* There are five and thirty ſtrapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarters in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I ſhall have a Son within

theſe nine Months born with a Leading-ſtaff in his Hand ——Sir, you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Diſbanded, Sir, that's all——I ſee my Lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why ſo? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Proſperity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* Tomorrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Soldier ſtay here! to look like an old Pair of Colours in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, ragged and ruſty! No, no——I met Yeſterday a broken Lieutenant; he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a ſingle Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Croſs*, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at Home——Make your Addreſſes to the Fair, you're a *Man of Honour* and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty croſs Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheſs———I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem

gem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might ſucceed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to ſave his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy———He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you muſt get a *Miſtreſs*.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have ſtoln away at once———To be plain, I have a *Miſtreſs*.

Viz. And ſhe's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happineſs?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then ſhe has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Aſſaults. O *Vizard!* ſuch a Creature!—Hey dey! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-houſe, and Life of the Park. [*Enter Sir* Harry Wildair, *croſſes the Stage ſinging, with Footmen after him.*] Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* ſome three or four Years ago?

Viz. The ſame.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himſelf very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Doſt think Bravery and Gaiety are inconſiſtent? He's a Gentleman of moſt happy Circumſtances, born to a plentiful Eſtate, has had a genteel and eaſy Education, free from the Rigidneſs of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Conſtitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor ſtinted in its Pleaſures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and eaſy to himſelf——Turning all Paſſion into Gaiety of Humour, by

which he chuſes rather to rejoice his Friends, than be hated by any; as you ſhall ſee.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha! *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* ſo long? I thought thy Hypocriſy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cuſhion long ago——Sir, if I miſtake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town; for I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave to get Eſtates.

Stand. And in the Court-end, playing the Fool in ſpending 'em.

Wild. Juſt ſo in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown ſo *Modiſh.*

Viz. We are all ſo reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And *Hypocriſy* for *Religion.*

Wild. *Alamode de Paris* agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate.*

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Miſtake; for my *Major* ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt Night, to a *Merchant*'s Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. P'ſhaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the *Groom-Porters?* or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the Loſs of a Race? What Wife has been lately ſuing in *Doctors Commons* for *Alimony?* or, What Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet?* What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath*, or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart——You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiſs*-Muſket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intrigues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am again in *ſtatu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the *Tour* of *Italy*; what brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may, perhaps, carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman!——

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Ruell*, than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand:* There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, and I would rather kiſs her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your *Miſtreſs*, and Sir *Harry* here has been no leſs eloquent in the Praiſe of his: Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is ſo pretty, ſo witty, or ſo virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes———But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, How ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my *Miſtreſs* may be found; ſhe left *Paris* about a *Month* before me, and I had an Account—

Stand. How, Sir! Left *Paris* about a *Month* before you!

Wild. Ay! But I know not where, and perhaps may'nt find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay! Her Name? Perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,—She has the ſofteſt, whiteſt Hand,

Hand, that ever was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir?

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;——Her Breasts do so heave, so heave. [*Singing.*]

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her name I want, Sir?

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard.*

Stand. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing?

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady———But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a *Miracle. Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell.*

Stand. 'SDeath, My *Mistress.* [*Aside.*

Viz. *My Mistress*, by *Jupiter.* [*Aside.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his *Mistress!* He loves her. But she loves me——But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk on foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*———That very Circumstance has murder'd me———Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'ſhaw, but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! S'life Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, what the Devil ſhould all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther [*Aſide.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you ſo admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her, that's true——but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming——right——but then a Thruſt i'th' Guts, or a *Middleſex-Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry!* 'Twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greaſy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay! But on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her——But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty *Miſtreſs* by the by, till I can find my own? You have ſtore I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer Game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me conſider a little———Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politicks. [*Aſide.*

[*Pauſes, whilſt Sir* Harry *walks Singing.*

Wild. P'ſhaw! Thou'rt as long a ſtudying for a new *Miſtreſs*, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I deſign a new Pipe for you, and wholeſome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! Say'ſt thou, dear *Vizard?*

Viz. A Girl of ſixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now ſixteen thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, ay! But her Name, *Vizard?*

Viz. Her Name! Yes——ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweeet.

Wild. Well, well! But where ſhall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her——But then her Foot, Sir *Harry:* She dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Viz. Well then! You muſt know, that this Lady is the Curioſity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica.* She that paſſes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling:* She goes for a *Baronet*'s Lady (no Diſparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I aſſure you.

Wild. P'ſhaw, hang my Honour; But what Street, what Houſe?

Viz. Not ſo faſt, Sir *Harry*; you muſt have my Paſsport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation, in a Line or two, will procure you very civil Entertainment; I ſuppoſe twenty or thirty Pieces, handſomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll enſure her Sound.

Wild. Thou dereſt Friend to a Man in Neceſſity——Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James*'s, I'll walk a-croſs the Park. [*To his Servant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James*'s, I'll walk a-croſs the Park too——Mr. *Vizard,* your moſt devoted——Sir, [to *Wildair.*] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is moſt ornamentally *Modiſh,* and bears a *Foreign Mein.* Gentlemen, my Brother is juſt arriv'd in Town, ſo that being upon the Wing to kiſs his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of,

of, Gentlemen, your moſt devoted, and moſt faithful humble Servant.

Wild. Prithee, doſt know him?

Viz. Know him! Why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the *Merchant* in the City.

Wild. What makes him ſo gay?

Viz. Why, he's in *Mourning* for his Father; the kind old Man in *Hertfordſhire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-Hunting; the Son, upon the News, has broke his Indentures, whipp'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box, forſwears Merchandize, where he muſt live by Cheating; and uſurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings, Leaſh of Miſtreſſes*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intrigues, Plays, Faſhions, and going *to the Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! How many Pound of Pulvil muſt the Fellow uſe in ſweetning himſelf from the Smell of Hops and Tobacco. Faugh——I'my Conſcience methought like *Olivia*'s Lover he ſtunk of *Thames-Street*. But now for *Angelica*, That's her Name: we'll to the Princeſs's Chocolate-Houſe, where you ſhall write my Paſsport. *Aloons.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell, *and her Maid* Parly.

Lurewell. PArly, my Pocket-Book——let me ſee——*Madrid, Venice, Paris, London*——Ah, *London!* they may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but find Love moſt fruitful under this Climate——In a Month's ſpace have I gain'd——let me ſee, *Imprimis*, Colonel *Standard.*

Parly.

Parly. And how will your Ladyſhip manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers ſhould be manag'd; he ſhall ſerve me till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam.*

Lure. Therefore I ſcorn him; I hate all that don't love me, and ſlight all that do: Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me, thus would I ſlight them all. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithleſs Man; but now glance Eyes, plot Brain, diſſemble Face, lie Tongue, and be a ſecond *Eve* to tempt, ſeduce, and damn the treacherous Kind——Let me ſurvey my Captives———The *Colonel* leads the Van. Next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the *Practice of Piety*, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher* he adores me with *Orangery*, and is conſequently a Fool: Then my old *Merchant*, Alderman *Smuggler*, he is a Compound of both——Out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverſion———What d'ye think, *Parly.*

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all thoſe Tricks that you uſe to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; obſerve this, that tho' a Woman ſwear, forſwear, lie, diſſemble, back-bite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if ſhe ſecures the main Chance, ſhe's ſtill Virtuous, that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be perſuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris.*

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt Plague, for I could never make him uneaſy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no ſooner talk of Killing, but the Soldier is coiſ'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to ſerve your King, your Country, and a *Miſtreſs* too.

Stand. The latter, I muſt confeſs, is the harder; for in War, *Madam*, we can be reliev'd in our Duty: But, in Love, who wou'd take our Poſt is our Enemy: Emulation in Glory is tranſporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Thoſe that bear away the Prize in the Field, ſhould boaſt the ſame Succeſs in the Bed-chamber; and, I think, conſidering the Weakneſs of our Sex, we ſhou'd make thoſe our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, *Madam*, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, through a Title to your Lovely Perſon; but now my Love muſt attend my Fortune. This Commiſſion, *Madam*, was my Paſsport to the Fair; adding a Nobleneſs to my Paſſion, it ſtampt a Value on my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearſe; and, with it, muſt my Love be bury'd.

Parl. What! Diſbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Parl. Faugh, the nauſeous Fellow, he ſtinks of Poverty already. [*Aſide.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may prevent my Deſigns. [*Aſide.*

Stand. I'll chuſe, *Madam*, rather to deſtroy my Paſſion by Abſence Abroad, than have it ſtarv'd at Home.

Lure. I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Miſtake, here I vow, by all that's ſacred, I own the ſame Affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my Fortune is conſiderable.

Stand. No, *Madam*, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love: The Man that ſells himſelf for Gold is the worſt of Proſtitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I could love him. [*Aside.*

Stand. This only laſt Requeſt I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; ſo farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being ſo honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my Diverſion elſe. Now for a Trial of Skill. [*Re-enter* Colonel.] Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity; When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To-morrow Morning, early, *Madam.*

Lure. So ſuddenly! which way are you deſigned to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet reſolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me; pray Sir, I intreat you; why are you obſtinate?

Stand. Why are you ſo curious, Madam?

Lure. Becauſe———

Stand. What?

Lure. Becauſe, I, I,———

Stand. Becauſe! What, Madam?——Pray tell me.

Lure. Becauſe I deſign——to follow you. [*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne'er was proud before; but Love from ſuch a Creature might ſwell the Vanity of the proudeſt Prince. Follow me! By Heavens thou ſhalt not. What! expoſe thee to the Hazards of a Camp———Rather I'll ſtay, and here bear the Contempt of Fools, and worſt of Fortune.

Lure. We need not, ſhall not; my Eſtate for both is ſufficient.

Stand. Thy Eſtate! no, I'll turn a Knave, and purchaſe one my ſelf! I'il cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to Death: I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and ſmooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker,

nay

nay Coward, to be great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll diſſemble, lye, ſwear, jilt, any Thing but I'll reward thy Love, and recompenſe thy noble Paſſion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Ha, ha, ha, Poor Sir *Harry*; Ha, ha, ha, Rather kiſs her Hand than the *Pope*'s Toe. Ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir *Harry?* Colonel, What Sir *Harry?*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam———

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me———but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his *Miſtreſs*, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly inſinuate the Praiſe of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice———

Lure. How eaſily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conſcience, I believe ſo. This Gentleman, becauſe he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball at *Paris*, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom———And I warrant you he made you Jealous.

Stand. Faith, *Madam*, a little uneaſy.

Lure. You ſhall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll ſend him back all his fooliſh Letters, Songs and Verſes, and you your ſelf ſhall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men, he's my Averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

Stand. Dear *Madam*, a rare Project. How ſhall I

bait him, like *Acteon* with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. *Parly*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*———

Parl. 'Tis provided, by the ſame *Act*, that you ſend no more *Meſſages* by me, good Colonel; you muſt not pretend to ſend any more Letters, unleſs you can pay the Poſtage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be mercenary, take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Parl. Alack a day, Sir, it ſhews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can ſupport it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't: and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour ſhould be caſhier'd with your Leading-Staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greateſt Curſes of Poverty, to be the Jeſt of Chamber-maids.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the *Packet*, Colonel, the whole *Magazine* of *Love's Artillery*. [*Give him the Packet.*

Stand. Which, ſince I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. *Madam*, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*: Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Lure. To the Right about, as you were: March, Colonel. Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boaſts of ſtudy'd Parts and Wiles;
Nature, in us, your deepeſt Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

ACT II.

SCENE Clincher *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter*, Servant *following.*

CLINCHER——Reads,

Dear Brother;

Will see you presently. I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town. I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well; and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir,

Clin. Very well; a pretty Name. And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Question, indeed; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town—Harkee, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and Red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; What then?

Dick. Why ſhe ſhall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why ſhe's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! why ſo are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. ſen. Brother, you're welcome to *London.*

Clin. jun. I thought Brother, you ow'd ſo much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo I do, Fool; I wear this becauſe I have the Eſtate, and you wear that, becauſe you have not the Eſtate. You have Cauſe to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad to ſee you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, ſtay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. ſen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to aſk impertinent Queſtions. Harkee, Sir; Is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. ſen. No Matter for that, he is dead. And am not I a young powder'd extravagant *Engliſh* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. ſen. Why then, Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the *Jubilee,* Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* What's that?

Clin. ſen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is——Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the ſame Thing with our *Lord-Mayor's-Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants,* and *Squibbs,* and *Rary-Shows,* and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And muſt you go ſo ſoon, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a Month in *Amſterdam,* to ſtudy *Poetry.*

Clin. jun. Then, I ſuppoſe, Brother, you travel through *Muſcovy* to learn Faſhions. Don't you, Brother?

Clin.

Clin. ſen. Brother! Prithee *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why ſo?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe People will imagine that you have a Spight at me———But, have you ſeen your Couſin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother, the Lady *Darling?*

Clin. jun. No: My Dancing-Maſter has not been with me yet. How ſhall I ſalute them, Brother?

Clin. ſen. P'ſhaw, that's eaſy; 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiſs, and Your humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee.* Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *LIKE Light and Heat incorporate we lay;*
We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my Game——*Humph!* the prittieſt *Bordel* I have ſeen; a very ſtately genteel one *(Footmen croſs the Stage.)* Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curteſy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*———s'Death, I'm afraid I've miſtaken the Houſe.

Enter Lady Darling.

No; this muſt be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleaſure, Madam.

Darl.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Buſineſs here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* ſent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyſhip.

Darl. Hoes does my Couſin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Couſin too, that's right Procureſs.

Darl. Reads, Madam——

EArneſt Inclination to ſerve—— Sir Harry —— *Madam —— Court my Couſin —— Gentleman —— Fortune —— Your Ladyſhip's moſt Humble Servant,*

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are ſufficient to recommend you any where, but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of ſo ſober a young Gentleman as my Couſin *Vizard*.

Wild. A Right *ſanctify'd Bawd* on my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Converſation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the looſe and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter.

Wild. Now go thy way for an illuſtrious *Bawd* of *Babylon* —— She dreſſes up a Sin ſo religiouſly, that the Devil would hardly know it of his Making.

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter uſe him civilly, ſuch Matches won't offer every Day. [*Exit.*

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'sDeath, What Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her leſs than twenty Guineas——and, by *Jupiter*, ſhe's worth a hundred.

Angel.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very ſame! And his Perſon agreeable as his Character, of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Reſpect.

Wild. How innocent ſhe looks? How wou'd that Modeſty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look ſo charming?—By Heav'n, there is ſuch a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not aſk the Queſtion.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference aſſiſt me to engage his Heart, for mine is loſt already.

Wild. Madam——I, I——Zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her——But ſhe's a Whore, and I will——Madam, in ſhort, I, I,——O Hypocriſy, Hypocriſy! What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to ſecure my Conqueſt—I thought, Sir, you had Buſineſs to impart.

Wild. Buſineſs to impart! How nicely ſhe words it! Yes, Madam, don't you, don't you love ſinging Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Queſtion for a Lover—Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Neſt of the prettieſt Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I aſſure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones? What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones——S'life, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad ſure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you ſhall be welcome here again. [*Exit.*

Wild. Wit and Manners!——I Gad, now I conceive there is a great deal of *Wit and Manners* in twenty Guineas——I'm ſure 'tis all the *Wit and Manners* I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do?

Enter Clincher *junior, and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Couſin I warrant ye! Harkee, Sir, Can you lend me ten or twenty Guineas

inſtantly, I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Aſſurance, can be no leſs than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I have not above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Buſineſs have you here then, Sir? For, to my Knowledge, twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what, Sir?

Wild. What, Sir? Why, for that, Sir; What the Devil ſhould it be, Sir? I know your Buſineſs, notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Buſineſs! Why my Couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your Couſin does live there, and *Vizard*'s Couſin, and my Couſin, and every Body's Couſin.——Harkee, Sir, I ſhall return immediately, and if you offer to Touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your Throat, Raſcal. [*Exit.*

Clin. Why the Man's mad ſure?

Dick. Mad, Sir? Ay, he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir! But moſt Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Couſin; remember your Three Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant.

[Exeunt, *as into the Houſe.*

SCENE

SCENE. *The Street.*

Enter Wildair; *Colonel following.*

Stand. SIR *Harry*, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I'm in haſte, Colonel: Beſides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man Sir *Harry*, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

Stand. What Impoſſibilities?

Wild. The Reſurrection of my Father to diſinherit me, or an Act of Parliament againſt wenching. A Man of eight thouſand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no; Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why then wou'd I call him Raſcal behind his Back, and ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtreſs.

Wild. Why then wou'd I get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the Woman you love; that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild. You're miſtaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while ſhe loves me, I love her; when ſhe deſiſts the Obligation's void.

Stand.

Stand. But to be miſtaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only ſuppoſe it) had diſcarded you—I ſay, only ſuppoſe it——and had ſent your Diſcharge by me.

Wild. P'ſhaw that's another Impoſſibility.

Stand. Are you ſure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Soleciſm in Nature; we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, ſings with me, plays with me, ſwears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, ſhe lies for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a Couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you ſo mortifying a Fall, as ſhall daſh your Hopes to Pieces———I pray your Honour to peruſe theſe Papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Wild. What is't, the Muſter-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no; 'tis a Liſt of your Forces in your laſt Love-Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all diſbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good metaphorical Colonel, What d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; theſe are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Deſtiny.

Wild. So it be not a falſe Deed, to cheat me of my Eſtate, what care I———[*opening the Pacquet*] *Humph!* my hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil haſt thou been tampering with to conjure up theſe Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [*Reading*]———*Madam*, my Paſſion——ſo natural———your Beauty contending———Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* I never was aſham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour? Ha,

ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile, than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, ſhe dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha; Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! what ſay'ſt thou, my dear Knight Errant? Ha, ha, ha; you may go ſeek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. Sings——Let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are jilted to ſome Tune, Sir, blown up with falſe Muſick, that's all.

Wild. Now why ſhould I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconſtancy and Falſhood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they muſt be grounded in your Nature; for you and ſhe are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verſes too: I muſt turn Poet in the Devil's Name——Stay——S'death, What's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Character! My dear Wildair, [*reading*] *That's I*——this huff bluff Colonel——*that's he*——is the rareſt Fool in Nature ——*the Devil he is!* And as ſuch have I us'd him—*with all my heart, faith*——I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in *Pall-Mall*, near the Holy Lamb——Colonel, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you ſhan't go yet; I ha'nt deliver'd half my Meſſage.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it; I know you're like to burſt.

Wild. I am ſo, by Gad; Ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart; Ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't:——But to be

ſerious now, the Lady has ſent you back all your Papers there————I was ſo juſt as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I am glad on't, Sir; for there were ſome Things that I would not have you ſee.

Stand. All this ſhe has done for my ſake; and I deſire you would decline any farther Pretenſions for your own ſake. So honeſt, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!————O the Delight of an ingenious *Miſtreſs!* What a Life and Briſkneſs it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, ſtill ſuing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Miſtreſs*, who, *preſto*, *paſs*, and ſhe vaniſh'd; then *Hey*, in an inſtant, in your Arms again. [*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; What News from the Iſland of *Love?*

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Cart; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! Curs'd Misfortune! another! [*Aſide.*

Wild. But the civileſt in the World; he brought me Word where my *Miſtreſs* lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I muſt fly.

Viz. What! Have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica?*

Wild. No, no; I'll think of her ſome other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloys.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd ſo well. [*Exit.*

Viz.

Viz. ſolus——The Colonel my Rival too! How ſhall I manage? There is but one way———him and the Knight will I ſet a tilting; where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently diſpos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, Why ſhould not Neceſſity engage me to play the Knave? [*Exit.*

SCENE *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. HAS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam: He met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Croſs*, who has promis'd to wait on you himſelf immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue ſhou'd pretend to love me, and at the ſame Time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Eſtate; for you ſay, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant: Have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raiſing the Cuſtoms, Loſſes at Sea Abroad, and maintaining our Wives at Home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, theſe Evaſions won't ſerve your Turn; I muſt have Money, Sir——I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam, I have been an honeſt Citizen theſe five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honeſt Citizen! bear Witneſs, *Parly!* I ſhall trap him in more Lies preſently———Come, Sir, tho' I'm a Woman, I can take a Courſe.

Smug. What Courſe, Madam, You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, theſe forty Years, I'm ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blaſt your Reputation, and ſo ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blaſt my Reputation! He, he, he: Why I'm a *religious Man*, Madam, I have been very inſtrumental in the *Reformation of Manners.* Ruin my Credit! Ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, *Madam*———You have a ſweet leering Eye.

Lure. You inſtrumental in the *Reformation!* How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Pariſh,——Ah that leering Eye! *Then I votsd for pulling down the Play-Houſe*———Ah that Ogle, that Ogle!——*Then my own pious Example*———Ah that Lip, that Lip.

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!——As I hope to be ſav'd, I have a good Mind to beat the old Monſter.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas (a great deal of Money, as Times go) and——

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah, that Hand, that Hand; that pretty ſoft, white———I have brought it, you ſee: But the Condition of the Obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty ſoft Hand, that———you underſtand me, you underſtand, I'm ſure you do; you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, ſo covetous, that he won't

won't Wench upon his own Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd——Upon my Word, Mr. *Alderman*, you make me Bluſh; What d'ye mean, pray?

Smugg. See here, *Madam*, [*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth*] buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. *Alderman*, you have ſuch pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you, indeed? He, he, he, my little Coquet; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours, you muſt therefore be diſguis'd, Mr. *Alderman*.

Smug. P'ſhaw! No Matter, I'm an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm diſguis'd as I am; our *Sanctity* is all Outſide and *Hypocriſy*.

Lure. No Man is ſeen to come into this Houſe aſter Night fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. I, gad ſo, cod ſo——I have a Suit a Purpoſe, my little Coquet, I love to be diſguis'd; I cod I make a very handſome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. *Alderman*, ſhall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are ſome Stangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt, ah my little Coquet.

[*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heav'n can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming Manner; thou dear *Matchiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still briſk and airy I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. The Sight of you, *Madam*, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thouſand Queſtions to aſk you, Sir *Harry*. How do you like *France?*

Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, Vous Voyez qui je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je vouz ſuis fort obligee——But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier!*

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre-Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Diſeaſe did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam, I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. En Cavalier, my dear Knight-Errant, well; And how? And how? What Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde?*

Wild. I ſhould aſk you that Queſtion, Madam, ſince your Ladyſhip makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to Death here by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyſhip did not ſurrender tho'.

Lure. No, no; but was forc'd to capitulate: But ſince you are come to raiſe the Siege, we'll dance, and ſing, and laugh.

Wild.

Wild. And love, and kiſs——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. Attande, Attande en peu——I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Queſtion again.

Wild. P'ſhaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; beſides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. Oh! *Le Marriage eſt une Grande male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Madam, I never had any Buſineſs in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am ſorry, that a Gentleman of your Figure, ſhould undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of ſome indirect and diſhonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler!*

Lure. Ay, ay: you know him, I find.

Wild. I have no leſs than Reaſon, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within theſe three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Buſineſs then, to acquit your ſelf publickly, for he ſpreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my ſelf publickly!——Here, Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive inſtantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he ſhall run the Gantlet through a thouſand bruſht Beavers, and formal Cravats.

Lure.

Lure. Why he is in the Houſe now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this Houſe?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raiſe a Diſturbance in my Houſe?

Wild. Diſturbance, Madam, no no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philoſopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, ſhew me the Gentleman. [*Exit with* Parly.

Lure. Now ſhall I get the old Monſter well beaten, and Sir *Harry* peſter'd next Term with Bloodſheds, Batteries, Coſts and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to another Room in the ſame* HOUSE.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thouſand Pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. *Alderman*, I'm your moſt devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My beſt Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll aſſure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Buſineſs, Mr. *Alderman*, fall'n out, which

which you may oblige me infinitely by ——— I am very ſorry that I'm forc'd to be troubleſome; but Neceſſity, Mr. *Alderman*.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, Neceſſity——But upon my Word, Sir, I'm very ſhort of Money at preſent; but———

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Buſineſs is, I'm reduc'd to an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* Ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an *Alderman* turn Cudgel-Player; Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I'll cudgel you; take your Choice.

Smug. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw, you Jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as ſure as Fate; ſo, *Alderman*, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity.

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir; What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all: I'm but in Jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any Thing in Jeſt; but a Man might imagine by the Smartneſs of the Stroke, that you were in downright Earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir, *(ſtrikes him)* not in the leaſt, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jeſts, for they are the bluntest Jeſts that I ever knew.

Wild. *(ſtrikes)* I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir; well Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but ſeriouſly now, if you paſs any more of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permiſſion to break one or two more. [*ſtriking him.*

Smug.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you Mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter.

[Wild. *knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons; but I am abſolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt, dear, loving obliging Friend, the *Alderman.*

[*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor;* Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book, this may be of uſe. [*Aſide.*] O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poor old Man———

Smug. O dear *Madam,* I was beaten in Jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good Earneſt.

Lure. Well, well! I'll bring you off *Senior: Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O for Charity's ſake, Madam, Reſcue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold, hold, *Frapez plus rudement: Frapez.* I wonder you are not aſham'd, [*Holding* Wild.] A poor reverend honeſt Elder——— [*Helps* Smug. *up.*] It makes me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man! Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry*——for not beating him harder. Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

Smug. I will have Amends before I leave the Place: Sir: How durſt you uſe me thus?

Wild. Sir? [*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Sir, I ſay, I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. [*Throws Snuff in his Eyes.*

Smug. O Murder, Blindneſs, Fire: O Madam, Madam, get me ſome Water. Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[*Exit with* Lurewell.

Wild.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without Passion ? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Statesmen Plot, and under Business groan;
And settling Publick Quiet, lose their own.
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame;
For, when they're Shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense.
And, mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence;
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense;
Their Summum Bonum *they must toil to gain;*
And, seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend;
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my Time destroy.
Life's but a Span; I'll ev'ry Inch enjoy. [Exit.

ACT

ACT. III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

STANDARD.

Bring him Word where ſhe lodg'd! I the civileſt Rival in the World! 'tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words, without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard*—Our Belief ſtruggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage of what we love; 'tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing. But what ſaid Sir *Harry?*

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily, flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating theſe Lines:

A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtreſs ne'er can pall! By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Venge-

ance! *Vizard*, you muſt carry a Note from me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight.

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'twere an Abuſe to His Sacred Majeſty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, ſhou'd ſtart of it ſelf to redreſs its Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here. What ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter that plies at the *Blue Poſts*, who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well; you may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave, I would adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I.

[*Exit.*

Enter Porter *running.*

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand!*

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip——

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Err. Ay, very well, Sir! He's one of my Maſters; many a round Half Crown have I had of his Worſhip: He's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next *Coffee-Houſe*, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles? and how accurſt, when all theſe Smiles are found but wanton Baits, to ſooth us to Deſtruction?

Thus our chief Joys, with base Alloys, are curst.
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst. [Exit.

Enter Wildair, *and* Clincher *Senior following.*

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I would impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, Are the Roads deep between this and *Paris.*

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because, I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir. I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir——I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders.*

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway.*

Clin. sen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-Boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith——Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-Boards; I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange Things Abroad, very incredible Things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very same Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-Pistols for the Bravo's—and a Swimming-Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you——Suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes I to some Ball——for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know——then come a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve *Seignior Angle, Seignior Angle*——she's a very fine Lady observe that——*Seignior Angle*, says she,——*Seigniora*

say:

ſays I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel-Street* here, or any other Street; then you know I muſt invite her to the Tavern, I can do no leſs—There up comes a Bravo; the *Italian* grows ſaucy, and I give him an *Engliſh* Douſe of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir,——but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog*——ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Ruſſel-Street* again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's Train, and there I'm as ſafe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. ſen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I deſign to ſhoot ſeven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay, that all the Princes of *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*—But the Uſe of your Swimming-Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir, that's eaſy. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſy at their Prayers, I whip on my Swimming-Girdle, clap a Month's Proviſion into my *Pockets*, and ſail me away, like an Egg in a Duck's Belly——And hearkʼee, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my Swimming-Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. ſen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and to ſave the Charges of my Paſſage! Well, Sir, you muſt pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs.

Wild. This Fellow's an accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes Abroad. Well; this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit.

SCENE *Lady* Darling's *House.*

Angelica *solus.*

Ang. UNhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet——'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction shou'd be so much indulg'd, yet Sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher *jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. Saluting Ang.] One, Two, Three, [*Kisses her.*] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky?*

Dick. Ay, Faith, Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my Distance; wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first Sight.

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means; the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.

[*Goes towards her.*

Enter Wildair, *interposing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do——You may march, Sir: for as far as five hundred Pounds will go I'll out-bid you.

Clin.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! the Madman's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House?

Clin. jun. Quality! Why, *Madam!* I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.——They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

Exit Darl. *leading* Clin. Dick *follows.*

Ang. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last Time, I would advise you to make it as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, *Madam*, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be 'till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology: If you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must be the Lips that guard that Tongue! then, *Madam*, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. [*Kisses her Hand.*] And this [*again*] initiate me to farther Happiness.

Ang. Hold, Sir,——one Question, Sir *Harry*; and pray answer me plainly, D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, *Madam*, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Ang. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then——I ſeize——

Ang. Hold, Sir; 'tis alſo poſſible, to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, *Madam*, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict *Modeſty* ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

Wild. Strict *Modeſty* ſhould bear! Why, Faith, *Madam*, I believe the ſtricteſt *Modeſty* may bear fifty Guineas; and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, What do you mean if you go to that? I think now, fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your ſtrict *Modeſty*, as you call it.

Ang. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Underſtanding, than on his want of *Manners*——I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, *Madam*, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, Are not you a———

Ang. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of———ſtrict *Modeſty*, if you will have it ſo.

Ang. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all.

[*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict *Modeſty*, is the Reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, Have I caught you? Well, and what Succeſs?

Wild. Succeſs! 'tis a ſhame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow ſo ſaucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently. I cou'd have two Counteſſes in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, ſay you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither ſhould I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpoſe. You a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly moſt Women magnify their Modeſty, for the ſame Reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Aſſault, encourage your Spirits with briſk *Burgundy*; if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuſe for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot———Coll. *Standard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

Wild. I'll wait upon him preſently; D'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to ſee him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [*Exit.*

Viz. No fair Play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clinch. *Sen. and* Lurewell *Coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. HOW weak is Reaſon in Diſputes of Love? That daring Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicit Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind Zeal to faithleſs Woman's Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood with ſuch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! that Fool too! What! ſtoop ſo low as that Animal——'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Deſpair, will ſtick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions: They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, Curſe the whole Sex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Huſband: What will become of you?

Clin. Eh; your Huſband! Oh, I ſhall be murder'd: What ſhall I do? where ſhall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim; ——I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now——

Lure.

Lure. Can't you think of any Thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Erra. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly: Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly ſtrip: I'll give you half a Crown, Come here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*

Lure. Now ſlip you, [to *Clinch.*] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Huſband be gone; and get you in there [to the *Porter*] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick.

Stand. O, Madam! all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail; I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company, when I ſent this Letter back by you: Yet you, forſooth, muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip.

Stand. I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lie is as ſcandalous to a Red-Coat, as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: Firſt, your Heart is falſe, your Eyes are double; one look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all——Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lie in your Pericranium.

Lure.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-House Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam——I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me——a so——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark Mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be so deluded? Nay, *Madam*, my Nose cou'd not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop, by his Pulvilio, from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman, with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'death, *Madam*, What is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no; you cou'd not see him: You're dreaming *Colonel:* Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?——Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?——Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!——but don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart.——Be gone, Sir, [*to the Porter*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him, I shall

ſhall never be at Leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome Viſits——Send to me to know when I ſhou'd be at Home!——Be gone, Sir:———I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions; but 'tis an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*

Stand. Now where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſy; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding Faults, as in excuſing them?——I hope, *Madam,* you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſy, that magnify'd my Suſpicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

Lure. Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You Men have got an inſolent Way of extorting Pardon, by perſiſting in your Faults. No, no, Sir; cheriſh your Suſpicions, and feed upon your Jealouſy: 'Tis fit Meat for your ſqueamiſh Stomach.

With Men all Women ſhou'd this Rule purſue;
Who thinks us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true.

[*Exit* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clin. Well! Intriguing is the prettieſt pleaſanteſt Thing for a Man of my Parts:——How ſhall we laugh at the Huſband when he is gone?——How ſillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,——to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. [*Aſide.*

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me juſt Revenge———O! this is the Porter I ſent the Challenge by:——Well, Sir, Have you found him?

Clinch.

Clinch. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; Have you ſeen him?

Clinch. O Lord, What ſhall I ſay now? Seen him! Yes Sir——No Sir——I have Sir; I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [*Strikes him.*

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,——I did give him the Note,

Stand. And what Anſwer?

Clin. I mean, Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Raſcal? [*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold; he did ſend an Anſwer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal. [*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon; this is better than I expected: but Fortune ſtill helps the induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and him who firſt invented Canes:——That curs'd Colonel has got ſuch a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure, What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent again, may I be forced to run the Gauntlet:——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I ſent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out at the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, ſay you! And with my Cloaths? My Fine Jubilee Cloaths? O, the Rogue, the Thief!—I'll have him hang'd for Murder:——But how ſhall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back preſently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I muſt ſneak off! Was ever Man ſo managed, to have his Coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat too? [*Exit.*

Lure. Thus the noble Poet ſpoke Truth:

Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice, than want of Senſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.

Parl. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have ſuffered by Men muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

Lure. The greateſt Injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels: But deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man ſhou'd rob you of that ſame Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling:———'Tis a Subject that always ſours my Temper; but ſince by thy faithful Service I have ſome Reaſon to confide in your Secreſy: Hear the ſtrange Relation——Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's Houſe in *Oxfordſhire*, bleſt with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then juſt Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are——Villains. Then it happen'd, that three young Gentlemen from the Univerſity coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offered them the Entertainment of his Houſe.

Parl. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! Theſe ſtrolling Collegians are never Abroad, but upon ſome Miſchief.

Lure. They had ſome private Frolick or Deſign in their Heads, as appeared by their not naming one another; which, my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs: Two of them had a heavy, pedantick, Univerſity Air, a ſort of diſagreeable ſcholaſtick Booriſhneſs in their Behaviour: But the Third!

Parl. Ay! The Third, Madam,——the Third of all Things they ſay is very critical.

Lure. He was———but in ſhort, Nature cut him out for my undoing;————he ſeem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetneſs in his Face, a grace-

graceful Comelineſs in his Perſon, and his Tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft Innocence to Ruin: His very Looks were witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſofter, prettier Things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

Lure. His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night; roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes; ſo fell deſperately in Love——my Father was ſo pleas'd with his Converſation, that he begg'd their Company next Day; they conſented, and next night, *Parly*——

Parl. Ay, next Night, Madam,———next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honeſty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour——ſhe admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wept, and ſigh'd———and conquer'd. [*Weeps.*

Parl. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He ſwore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old Bait! The old Bait——I was cheated juſt ſo my ſelf. [*Aſide.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! What Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Conſtancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring, with this Motto, *Love and Honour*; then we parted; but I never ſaw the Dear Deceiver more.

Parl. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me ſole Heireſs and Executrix to three thouſand Pounds a Year; at laſt my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler, turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex, and reſolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervient to my Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in moſt Courts of *Europe*, I have done ſome Execution: Here I will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Country-Houſe, live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſembler?

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Mankind full in View; and makes my Reſentments work——We ſhall have that old impotent Lecher *Smuggler* here to Night: I have a Plot to ſwinge him, and his preciſe Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every Body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*; Thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſs'd, by letting them know my firm Reſolutions never to marry. But thoſe Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I ſuppoſe his Deſigns are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's ſomething of Honour in his Temper that pleaſes: I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfy'd: But he's a Man ſtill.———When I once try'd his Pulſe about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's: He ſwore indeed that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forſooth, becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So poor a Pretence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſy

to

to me———But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough: ———Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge;———But this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more: I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I must write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once assist me, as before,
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *Meeting.*

STANDARD.

I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e're this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What ſhall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir; I like your facetious Humour well enough: It ſhews Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore uſe you thus. *Draw your Sword.*

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will draw: but the Devil take me if I fight——Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt Blade you have ſeen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a Madman as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms, upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir; I have eight thouſand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a Red-Coat, becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris.*

Wild. True, Sir; He was a Beau, like my ſelf: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think it downright Madneſs to contend with any Man in his Profeſſion.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I ſhall take very unſeemly Methods if you don't ſhew your ſelf a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there again now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thouſand Pounds a Year. I can dance, ſing, ride, fence, underſtand the Languages. Now I can't conceive how running you through the Body ſhou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But pray Colonel, I had forgot to aſk you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as ſoon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greateſt Slave in Nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is ſomething about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do ſo then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword firſt: You know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can aſſure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conſcience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any Encouragement——

Wild. A Man can never hear Reaſon with a Sword

in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfy you ſheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonſtration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard——But ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your Satisfaction ——We muſt fly this Place, elſe that cluſter of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher Senior *in* Errand's *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Huſband: Ah, my poor *Timothy.* [*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*:—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat! Have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?——Neighbours, Don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay! 'Tis the ſame!

Firſt Mob. What ſhall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

Firſt Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to ſwim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming-Girdle* now.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O! Mr. Conſtable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Huſband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Conſt.

Conſt. Murder and Robbery! Then he muſt be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he muſt not be abus'd.—— Give an Account of your ſelf: Are you a Gentlman!

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Conſt. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perſuaded. How came you by theſe Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and— ſo the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Conſt. Very well, the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Conſtable, aſk him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Conſt. Silence, Woman, and don't diſturb the Court, ——Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his; ſo I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Conſt. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols.*

Clin. O *Gemini!* My Jubilee Piſtols.

Conſt. What, a Caſe of Piſtols? Then the Caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? whence come you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Ruſſel-Street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate* ſtrait.

Clin. I ſhall go to the Jubilee now indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſenſe; Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe; if you pleaſe, we'll wait on her together: You ſhall draw your Sword;

I'll

I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You ſhall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart:——You ſhall look big; I'll ogle:——You ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh:——You ſhall *ſa ſa*, and I'll *conge*; And if ſhe flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, theſe Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was ſhe pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think ſhe's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman ſo chaſte?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can diſguiſe Falſhood, and make Calumny paſs for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonſtration that ſhe favours you: Make that good, and I ſhall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconſiſtent as Truth and Falſhood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am ſatisfy'd ſhe impoſes on us all: And *Vizard* too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: But his Honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his Knavery:——But will you be convinc'd if our Plot ſucceeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Diſtruſt wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You muſt oblige me by taking a hearty Glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I gueſs by the Preparation, that Woman's the Deſign.

Wild.

Wild. Yes, Faith,——I am taken dangerouſly ill with two fooliſh Maladies, Modeſty and Love; the firſt I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love, by a Night's Lodging with the Damſel. A ſure Remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Clincher Junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a ſad Place, a ſad vicious Place: I wiſh that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a Rake: I had rather ſee him dead, than ſee him thus.

Dick. Ah, Sir; He'll ſpend his whole Eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this ſame *Jubilee?*

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd ſure.

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher Senior's *Cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

Err. This Lace will ſell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to truſt me with his Coat! If I can get croſs the Garden, down to the Water-ſide, I'm pretty ſecure. [*Aſide.*

Clin. Brother!——Alaw! O *Gemini!* Are you my Brother?

Dick. I ſeize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord, ſhou'd this prove ſome Parliament-Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, What are you?

Erra. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak you Rogue.

Erra. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin.

Clin. Who ſent you?

Erra. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and ſtript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother! ——— Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon,* I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Erra. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be hang'd. But confeſs that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Erra. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confeſſing a Lie can do no harm; beſides, if the worſt comes to the worſt, I can but deny it again.——Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,——But are you ſure you kill'd him dead.

Erra. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *England.*

Dick. But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law?*

Erra. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law:* But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him ſeven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Eſtate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law.*

Clin. But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd.

Erra. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey!——then I go to the *Jubilee*———Strip, Sir, ſtrip. By *Jupiter Ammon* ſtrip.

Dick. Ah! don't ſwear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*

Clin. Swear, Sir; *Zoons,* han't I got the Eſtate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Erra.

Erra. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.———

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you muſt firſt do me the Favour to ſwear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Eſtate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, ſince I put on theſe fine Cloaths——Hey, call me a Coach ſomebody.

Erra. Ay, Maſter; let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Juſtice, and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge him. And I'll go ſee *Angelica.* [*Exeunt* Dick. *and* Errand.] Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and ſwear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the beſt of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE Lurewell's *HOUSE.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. ARE you ſure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Parl. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyſhip's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Tranſports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus moſt Villains, ſome time or other, are punctual to their Ruin; and Hypocriſy, by impoſing on the World, at laſt deceives it ſelf. Are all Things prepar'd for his Reception?

Parl. Exactly to your Ladyſhip's Order, the Alderman too is juſt come, dreſs'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Parl. Yes, Madam, and has paſs'd upon the Family for your Nurſe.

Lure. Convey him into that Cloſet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him preſently.

[*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candle ſomebody knocks.*

Lure. This muſt be ſome Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
He ſigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and ſwore,
The Sign was ſo,
[knocks]
She anſwer'd, No
[knocks thrice]
No, no, no.
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd,
No Damon, *no, I am afraid.*
Conſider, Damon, *I'm a Maid.*
Conſider,
No,
I'm a Maid,
No, &c.
At laſt his Sighs and Tears made way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key,
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are you may. [*Exit* Parly.

Wildair *Enters.*

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Wherefoever Love is, there Muſick is proper; there's an harmonious Conſent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of earthly Happineſs.

Lure.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempeſt drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempeſt, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Huſband in freſh Air. Love, Madam.

Wildair *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. *As pure and white as Angels ſoft Deſires.* Is't not ſo?

Wild. *Fierce, as when ripe conſenting Beauty fires.*

Lure. O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Deſtruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aſide.* If this be a Love Token, your Miſtreſs's Favours hang very loſe about you, Sir.

Wild. *drops a Ring, ſhe takes it up.*

Wild. I can't juſtly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but deſiring you to wear it.

Lure You Gentlemen have the cunningeſt ways of playing the Fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your Profuſeneſs. Speak ſeriouſly, am I beholden to Chance or Deſign for this Ring?

Wild. To Deſign, upon my Honour, and I hope my Deſign will ſucceed. (*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine Thing?*

Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing.* [Both ſing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, ſo I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the Favour to ſee you ſome other Time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the Houſe.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this Minute, for I muſt ſee another Miſtreſs within theſe two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can diſturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.*

[*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dreſs'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Parl. This way, Mr. *Alderman.*

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble; here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll ſteal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——

Parl. Only ſettling the Pleats of your Gown: here, Sir, get into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently.

[*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.]

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almoſt in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Parl. P'ſhaw: who has hir'd me beſt, a couple of Shillings, or a couple of Kiſſes? [*Exit.*

Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lover's Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which like the *Perſian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World: Under thy eaſy Reign, Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth, all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villany may act without conſtraint.

Smug.

Smug. *Peeping out of the Closet.*] Bless me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour Abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; The Pleasure of Hypocrisy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom; ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as profanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam——my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard?*

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject——I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light, 'tis needless to wear a *Mask* in the Dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!——The World takes you for a very sober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, *Madam*, that adds Security to all my Pleasures——With me a Cully-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift——With me a Holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer——But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid, she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour——She who with scornful Mein, and virtuous Pride, disdains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that, like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep, but invisible; not like those

flattering noisy Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Proclamation of their Faults, whose empty Flashes no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—she has made him an Appointment too——but I'll be reveng'd of both——Well, Sir, what are those you are so intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those that stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whose Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, would arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, lovely, soft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I am very lovely and soft indeed, you shall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend——Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest——You must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf——And yet (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable Villany himself, loves Holiness in another——He prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past——he spends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces, and what he designs

a Blessing,

a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family—he's the moſt———

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhou'd loſe it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance———

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteely I ſpend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I muſt fly immediately. When ſhall I ſee you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word ſuffers a great deal———Well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for ſeven Years Maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Impriſonment: And when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling——— Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief———I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties———I'll hide my ſelf. [*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay, there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch

ſearch the whole Houſe.———Two Spoons will be no ſmall Gap in my Quarter's Wages——

Serv. When did you miſs them, *James?*

But. Miſs them, why, I miſs them now; in ſhort, they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about. [*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.] Ah! Who's this?

But. Harkee, good Woman, What makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of?

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt Old Woman that never was aſham'd of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old, accus'd for *Petty Larceny!*——Why, ſearch me, good People, ſearch me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will ſearch you, Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch, and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us, ſhe is a Witch in good Earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James*'s Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hanged for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell*'s Nurſe.

Lure.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two Silver Spoons, and ſays, ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught, O, Madam! Madam, Don't you know me? Don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box——Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*. Away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſy, and Knavery; and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly———You muſt be in Petticoats, gouty Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too, you muſt tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr; away with him. [*Hurry him off.*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,
Still may our Arts delude theſe tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the fourth ACT.

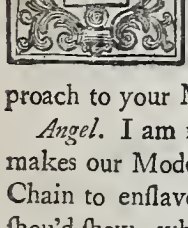
ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

DARLING.



DAUGHTER, ſince you have to deal with a Man of ſo peculiar a Temper, you muſt not think the general Arts of Love can ſecure him; you may therefore allow ſuch a Courtier ſome Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modeſty.

Angel. I am ſenſible, *Madam,* that a formal Nicety makes our Modeſty ſit aukward, and appears rather a Chain to enſlave, than a Bracelet to adorn us———It ſhou'd ſhew, when unmoleſted, eaſy and innocent as a Dove; but ſtrong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when aſſaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you miſtake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Diſhonour.

Angel. Though Modeſty, *Madam,* may wink, it muſt not ſleep, when powerful Enemies are Abroad——— I muſt confeſs, that of all Men's, I wou'd not ſee Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Faults; nay, I cou'd wreſt his moſt

ſuſpicious

ſuſpicious Words a thouſand ways, to make them look like Honour———But, *Madam*, in ſpight of Love I muſt hate him, and curſe thoſe Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all Virtuous Women of the braveſt Men——

Darl. You muſt certainly be miſtaken, *Angelica*; for I'm ſatisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Deſigns are only to court and marry you.

Angel. His Pretence, perhaps, was ſuch; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the ſame———Pray, *Madam*, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Deſigns?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Couſin *Vizard*, who, I'm ſure, is your ſincere Friend, ſent him. He brought me this Letter from my Couſin——

[*Gives her the Letter, which ſhe opens.*

Angel. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in Earneſt——Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Inſtigation, fix a baſe Affront upon me? No, I can't ſuſpect him of ſo ungenteel a Crime——This Letter ſhall trace the Truth——[*Aſide.* My Suſpicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to ſatisfy your Ladyſhip in my Management, when next I ſee Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himſelf *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Diſcretion. [*Exit* Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy!*——*Madam*, I have toaſted your Ladyſhip fifteen Bumpers ſucceſſively, and ſwallow'd *Cupids* like Loches to every Glaſs.

Angel. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unleſs by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly eaſe the Smart, I'm a loſt Man, *Madam*.

Angel. Drunkenneſs, Sir *Harry*, is the worſt Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeneſs: For the Excuſe is as ſcandalous as the Fault:——Therefore pray conſider who you are ſo free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occaſion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, If you have a mind to toſs me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chambermaids would do better Service.——Come, come, *Madam*, tho' the Wine makes me liſp, yet has it taught me to ſpeak plainer. By all the Duſt of my ancient Progenitors, I muſt this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.* Take hold of that Madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter will enſue. Hold, do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy?* [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Raſcals, to aſſault a Gentleman with a couple of Flaſks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we muſt do as our young Miſtreſs commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them: They ſcramble and take it up: He pelting them out, ſhuts the Door, and returns.*

Raſcals, Poltroons.——I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And now take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the Sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.——Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire, cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well——The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it should dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self: I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. Mimicking.] Tal ti dum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*——I'gad, I'll at her in her own Cant——*O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me*; Behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Angel. Behold me, Sir; View me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is armed with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it,

you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you pleaſe; you may ſay your Prayers all the Time—But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to conſider what is this ſame Virtue that you make ſuch a mighty Noiſe about———Can your Virtue beſpeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No: For the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no: Your virtuous Women walk a-Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue ſtake for you at Picquet? No. Then what Buſineſs has a Woman with Virtue———Come, come, Madam, I offered you fifty Guineas.———there's a hundred———The Devil! Virtuous ſtill! Why, 'tis a hundred, five ſcore, a hundred Guineas.

Angel. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durſt not uſe me thus; But the mean, poor Abuſe you throw on me, reflects upon your ſelf; Our Sex ſtill ſtrikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will ſet you up at Baſſet; a hundred Guineas will furniſh out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Eſcritore for your Billet-deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Virtue. A hundred Guineas will buy an hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are———I'gad this *Burgundy* makes a Man ſpeak like an Angel——— Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Uſe you pleaſe.

Angel. I'll uſe it, as I wou'd the baſe unworthy Giver thus. [*Throws down the Purſe, and ſtamps upon it.*

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State-Affairs; but theſe Women will make me a Parliament Man, ſpight of my

my Teeth, on purpoſe to bring in a Bill againſt their Extortion. She tramples under Foot that Deity which all the World adores.——O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! P'ſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Market with the old Gentlewoman, ſhe knows Buſineſs better,——[*Goes to the Door.*] Here you Friend, pray deſire the old Lady to walk in.———Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam!——harkee, Will you take it? Why faith, Madam!——Take the Money, I ſay, or, I'gad, all's out.

Angel. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of a Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam——In ſhort, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! Upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how theſe old Women love to hear baudy! Why Faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at preſent, but I'll ſing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You ſhall take um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall.

A modiſh Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Wild. Ay, ſhe will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright *Engliſh*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to——

Angel. Hold, Sir, ſtop your abuſive Tongue, too looſe for modeſt Ears to bear.——Madam, I did before ſuſpect that his Deſigns were baſe, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has ſent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I ſcorn the Abuſe, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are! Why your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard*'s Couſin, I ſuppoſe;———and for you, Madam——now to call her Procureſs Alamode *France*, [*Aſide.*] *J'eſtime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray Sir, ſpeak *Engliſh*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode *Londres!* [*Aſide.*] I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip to be one of thoſe civil, obliging, diſcreet old Gentlewomen, who keep their Viſiting Days for the Entertainment of their preſenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I ſuppoſe you underſtand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but ſay, thou abuſive Man, what Injury have you e're receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this ſcandalous Aſperſion?

Angel. Yes, Sir, what Cauſe, what Motives could induce you thus to debaſe your ſelf below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not ſo very Heroick in your Styles. *Vizard*'s Letter may reſolve you, and anſwer all the impertinent Queſtions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild.

Wild. And I'll ſtand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Angel. Here, Sir, peruſe it, and ſee how much we are injur'd, and you deceived.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [*to Darling*] before I read, I'll make ſome Conditions—— Mr. *Vizard* ſays here, that I won't ſcruple 30 or 40 Pieces; Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not ſtand to't.

Angel. Now can't I tell whether Diſdain or Anger be the moſt juſt Reſentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, ſhall anſwer you.

Wild. Well then! [*Reads*]

Out of the earneſt Inclination to ſerve your Ladyſhip, and my Couſin Angelica——Ay, ay, the very Words. I can ſay it by heart——*I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair——*to court my Couſin*—— What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Couſin*——he read to me a quite different Thing——*He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune*——He's a Son of a Whore and a Raſcal——*and wou'd make your Daughter very happy,* [*Whiſtles*] *in a Huſband.* [*Looks fooliſh and hums a Song.*] Oh poor Sir *Harry*, what have thy angry Stars deſign'd?

Angel. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Inſtigation to redreſs our Wrongs, ſince even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the pureſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam. [*Bows to her.*

Angel. Conſider, what a tender Bloſſom is Female Reputation, which the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [*Bows to t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [*Bows again.*

Angel. Remember the baſe Price you offer'd me. [*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever Man ſo catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives; that's all, farewel. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Madam, [*to* Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redreſs your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir; which if you can think of, you may do: You know the Buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I underſtand you, Madam. [*Exit* Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I muſt commit Murder, or commit Matrimony. Which is beſt now? A Licence from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily?* If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I ſhall hang my ſelf;—— But, Damn it——Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the moſt daring Action of the two, ſo my dear Couſin *Angelica* have at you.

SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher, Sen. *ſolus.*

Clin. HOW ſevere and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Laſt Week my Father died: Yeſterday I turn'd Beau: To Day I am laid by the Heels, and to Morrow ſhall be hung by the Neck——I was agreeing with a Bookſeller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now the Hiſtory

ſtory of my Travels thro' *Holborn* to *Tyburn*——*The laſt dying Speech of Beau* Clincher, *that was going to the Jubilee*——*Come, a Half-penny a piece.* A ſad Sound, a ſad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noiſe in the World.

Enter Smuggler *and* Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So ſend theſe Letters into *Thames-Street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Exit Goaler.* Eh! This *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner——Well, Friend, What are you, a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, Miſtreſs, a Bawd, or a Witch? Harkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broomſtaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee!* O, you young Rake-hell, What brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, What brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Friſking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full-bottom Wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats:——You deſign to ſwing in Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Buſineſs has a Prentice at a Play-houſe, unleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtreſs a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious

cious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard Matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man cannot ſin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honeſt Gentleman five Guineas my ſelf towards writing a Book againſt it; and it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin. Well, well, Maſter, take Courage! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together; only with this Difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and ſhall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and ſhall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have ſent a Meſſenger for my Cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your Jury by and by.——Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. [*Exit* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking when a Man muſt ſay Grace to the Gallows.——Ah, this curſed Intriguing! Had I ſwung handſomely in a Silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp; like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear——damn'd Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome——Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Erra. Sir, I ſee where mine are: Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuſe a Gentleman?

Erra. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here,——I ſtand up for Liberty and Property——*Newgate*'s a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Buſineſs among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but ſtay, till I ſend for my own Cloaths: I ſhall get out preſently.

Erra.

Erra. No, no, Sir, I'll have you into the Dungeon, and uncaſe you.

Clin. Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty thouſand ſtrong.

[*Exeunt ſtruggling.*

The SCENE *changes to Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters; Servants following.*

Wild. HERE, fly all around, and bear theſe as directed; you to *Weſtminſter,*——you to St. *James's*——and you into the City——Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Preſence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms alſo: All appear with hoſpitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm married. If any aſk to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy ſhall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A Thouſand Welcomes, Friend: My Pleaſure's now compleat, ſince I can ſhare it with my Friend: Briſk Joy ſhall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleaſant, Sir *Harry,* but this tranſcends your ſelf; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canſt thou not gueſs? My Friend——Whence flows all earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul

Soul of Pleasure?——*Woman*——What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman.*——What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming virtuous Woman?*——When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasy: The blest, the fair Production——Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess?——What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman?*——What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping? *Treacherous Woman:*——What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman*——Woman, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell,* may excuse your Resentment against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex.——I have found one whose Virtues——

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day, to make a Shew of Complaisance at least——Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Stand. Saluting Angelica. I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter

Enter Clincher, junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm juſt upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! How came ye by theſe Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rareſt Jeſt! Ha, ha, ha; I ſhall burſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I ſhall burſt.

Darl. What's the Matter, Couſin?

Clin. The Matter; Ha, ha, ha: Why, an honeſt Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the beſt Jeſt of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and ſo is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha. Let me ſee e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at ſuch a Jeſt.

Angel. You appear'd a very ſober, pious Gentleman ſome Hours ago.

Clin. P'ſhaw, I was a Fool then: But now, *Madam*, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.——As for your Part, *Madam*, you might have had me once:——but now, *Madam*, if you ſhou'd by chance fall to eating Chalk, or knawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault.——Now, *Madam*——I have got an Eſtate, I muſt go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher Senior, *in a Blanket.*

Clin. ſen. Muſt you ſo, Rogue, muſt you?——You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghoſt, a Ghoſt——Send for the Dean and Chapter preſently.

Clin.

Clin. ſen. A Ghoſt! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm ſure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah, why ſo?

Clin. jun. Becauſe, Sir, I can get a Fellow to ſwear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of ſwearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.———

Clin. ſen. Truly the Apprehenſions of Death may have made me ſavour a little———O Lord———The Colonel! the Apprehenſion of him may make me ſavour worſe, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you Ghoſt, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon.*

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee!* go to the *Bear-Garden*—The Travel of ſuch Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expoſe our native Follies, which ridicules us amongſt Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for faſhionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home-bred Villain———Get ye to your native Plough and Cart, converſe with Animals like your ſelves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't underſtand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll diſpute this Point ſome other Time; I hear ſome Fiddles tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to ſit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant *Whiſpers* Wildair.

Wild. Madam, Shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart——Come, Gentlemen.

[*Ex. Omnes but* Wild.

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me? Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding——— What d'ye gaze at, *Madam?*

Lure. A *Monſter*———if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the moſt perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day; Why, *Madam,* I'm ſure I never ſwore to marry you; I made indeed a ſlight Promiſe, upon Condition of your granting me a ſmall Favour, but you wou'd not conſent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame——Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witneſs 'gainſt your Falſhood. [*Shews a Ring.*] Methinks the *Motto* of this Sacred Pledge ſhou'd flaſh Confuſion in your guilty Face———Read, read here the binding Words of *Love and Honour;* Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes———tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's ſtark ſtaring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciouſly deſigned to let me find my Miſery when paſt Redreſs; to let me know you, only to know you falſe———Had not curſed Chance ſhew'd me the ſurprizing *Motto,* I had been happy———The firſt Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this ſecond worſe.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! *Madam,* I'm not at Leiſure for Raillery at preſent; I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Buſineſs of Pleaſure; *Madam,* any other Time———

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, ſtay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, harkee, when the Honey-*Moon* is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [*Exit.*

Lure Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst——Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast——Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, *Madam,* you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What making a Fool of you! I've don't, and glory in the Act; the Height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear, that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly—— If there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, *Madam,* you know that you're discovered; and, being sensible, you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay. That Ring, *Madam,* proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not——Yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd——Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——Your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did

did believe in ſpight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainſt my own Eyes, I ſtill maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair*'s boaſting of your Favours, to be the pure Reſult of his own Vanity: At laſt he urged your taking Preſents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yeſterday, from him receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be ſure he gave it, I lent him for that Purpoſe.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that purpoſe?

Stand. Yes, yes, *Madam*, I lent him for that purpoſe——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and deſire you now, *Madam*, to reſtore it to the juſt Owner.

Lure. The juſt Owner! think Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have *Love and Honour* in your Soul, 'tis then moſt juſtly yours; if not, you are a Robber, and have ſtol'n it baſely.

Stand. Ha——your Words, like meeting Flints, have ſtruck a Light to ſhew me ſomething ſtrange——But tell me inſtantly, is not your real Name *Manly?*

Lure. Anſwer me firſt, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the Houſe of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordſhire?*

Stand. I was, I was. [*runs to her, and embraces her.*] The bleſt Remembrance fires my Soul with Tranſport—I know the reſt——you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune ſtumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd ſince? 'Twas cruel to forſake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to diſcharge my ſelf from the Stain of Diſhonour, I muſt tell you, that immediately upon my

Return to the Univerſity, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd; my Father, to prevent farther Miſchief, poſts me away to travel; I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the leaſt Account of you by Letter or otherwiſe.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; miſſing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, ſerv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amſterdam*, one Ship tranſported us both to *England*. At the firſt Sight I loved tho' ignorant of the hidden Cauſe——You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engaged; to your dear ſelf I meant.

Lure. Then Men are ſtill moſt generous and brave ——And to reward your Truth, an Eſtate of three thouſand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can ſatisfy you in my paſt Conduct, and the Reaſons that engaged me to deceive all Men, I ſhall expect the honourable Performance of your Promiſe, and that you wou'd ſtay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! Not Fame, nor Glory, e're ſhall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles; the Story's ſtrange and tedious, but all amounts to this; that Woman's Mind is charming as her Perſon, I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleaſure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild.

Wild. Sir, he dares not ſhew his Face among ſuch honourable Company; for your gracious Nephew is—

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart———I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray Sir *Harry*, when you ſee him next, tell him this News from me, that I have diſinherited him; that I will leave him as poor as a diſbanded Quarter-Maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſtiff Reſolution of Threeſcore and Ten; an Age that ſticks as obſtinately to its Purpoſe, as to the old Faſhion of its Cloak.

Wild. You ſee, Madam, [*to* Angel.] how induſtriouſly Fortune has puniſhed his Offence to you.

Angel. I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, conſidering the happy Conſequence of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as hypocritical——

Lure. As your ſelf, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurſe, pray Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I ſhall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman. Do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of my ſecret Practices in trading. [*Aſide.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here duſted it out of your Pocket at this Lady's Houſe Yeſterday: It contains an Account of ſome ſecret Practices in your merchandizing; among the reſt, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correſpondent at *Bourdeaux*, about tranſporting *French* Wine in *Spaniſh* Caſks——Firſt return this Lady all her Writings, then I ſhall conſider whether I ſhall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whoſe Juſtice will never ſuffer your Smuggling to go unpuniſhed.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Clin.

Clin. ſen. Hearkee, Maſter, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman adviſe; Wou'd you be thought an honeſt Man, baniſh Covetouſneſs, that worſt Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd ſteal———Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be leſs ſevere in your Cenſures, leſs rigid in your Precepts, and more ſtrict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulſion; of which, Colonel, your Converſion and mine are juſt Examples.

In vain are muſty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules;
Where Virtue, with a frowning Aſpect ſtands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman———
Charming Woman, can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's ſake.
Virtue in them appears ſo bright, ſo gay,
We hear with Tranſport, and with Pride obey.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart, each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; *one homeward goes,*
And one, with loving she, retires to th' Rose:
The Amorous Pair to-all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in Number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis *ought gainsays,*
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee *some retreat to save their Pockets,*
Others more generous damn the Play at Locket's.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain.
Malice ne're spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World shou'd know it,
Sit down, and for their Two-Pence *damn a Poet.*
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't.
They understand a Play———too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill *and* Cheapside.

EPILOGUE.

But those I think have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the World says.
If it shou'd please them, and their Spouses know it,
They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-Box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote.
But that way's old below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, They have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their Ill-nature to their Faces.
Our Business, with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

FINIS.

Vander Gucht Fecit

THE

Stage-Coach.

A

FARCE.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by Mr. *FARQUHAR.*

LONDON:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-against St. *Clement's Church* in the *Strand.*

M.DCC.XXXV.

SOME

MEMOIRS

OF

Mr. *George Farquhar.*

IT is obſerv'd, that the World is naturally apt to enquire into the Life and Character of thoſe Men who have made themſelves famous for any particular Art or Science: The Satisfaction we receive in the Peruſal of an ingenious Author excites in us this Curioſity, and is imperfect till we are ſatisfied therein. On this Conſideration, ſince few Comic Writers have met with a more favourable Reception among People

of the moſt polite Taſte, than the Author of the following Works, I thought it neceſſary to prefix theſe few Memoirs of his Life.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in the Country, who, having a numerous Iſſue, cou'd beſtow on him no Fortune, farther than a genteel Education. As they who are bleſs'd with a Poetical Genius always ſhew ſome Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, ſo he, e'er he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave ſeveral Specimens of a peculiar Turn that way. One of his Juvenile Productions I ſhall here mention, in which he diſcover'd a way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expreſſion, far beyond his Years.

I.

The pliant Soul of erring Youth,
Is like ſoft Wax, or moiſten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all Heavenly Truth;
Or yield to Tyrant Ill *the Sway.*

II.

Slight Folly in your early Years,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise;
But he, who in his Youth appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.

He was educated in the University of *Dublin*, where, by the Progess he made in his Studies, he acquir'd a considerable Reputation. He began very early to apply himself to the Stage, as an Actor, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway*, and with the like Success; who, though excellent Dramatick Poets, made but indifferent Actors: However, Mr. *Farquhar* having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repuls'd by the Audience in his Performances; so resolv'd to continue on the Stage till something better shou'd offer; which Resolution was soon thrown aside by the following Accident. Performing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is suppos'd to kill *Vasquez* one of the *Spanish* Generals, and for-

getting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded the Person who represented *Vasquez*, tho' (as it happen'd) not dangerously, nevertheless it put an end to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor. Some time after this, the Earl of *Orrery*, in regard to his particular Merit, gave him a Lieutenancy in his Regiment then in *Ireland:* As a Soldier he behav'd very well, and gave several Proofs of his Courage and Conduct.

He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy, the Success of which far exceeded his Expectation, as indeed did most of his other Pieces. 'Tis remark'd of him, That he was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents; his Style is pure, and unaffected; his Wit natural, and flowing, and his Plots generally well contrived. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand; for his Muse was good-natur'd, not abounding over-much with Gall, tho' he has been blam'd for it by the Criticks. It has been objected to him, that he was too hasty in his Productions, but I believe

believe by ſuch only who are chiefly Admirers of ſtiff and elaborate Performances, ſince with a Perſon of a ſprightly Fancy thoſe things are often beſt, which are ſtruck off in a Heat.

His laſt Comedy, the *Stratagem*, he began and ended in ſix Weeks, with a ſettled Sickneſs upon him all the time; nay, he even perceiv'd the Approaches of Death, e'er he had finiſh'd the ſecond Act, and (as he had often foretold) dy'd before the Run of this Play was over. His other Plays were dedicated to Perſons of Diſtinction, and he deſign'd a Dedication of this laſt to my Lord *Cadogan*; but his Lordſhip, for Reaſons unknown, evaded it, tho' he made him a handſome Preſent, with Promiſes of his future Favour; which, probably, wou'd have been fulfill'd if our Author had ſurviv'd: Tho' he had but little Reaſon to rely on the Promiſes of Great Men; a certain Great Courtier having prevail'd on him to ſell his Commiſſion, with ſolemn Aſſurances of providing for him better, which he forgot to keep. Mr. *Farquhar* in his Song of a Trifle, ſeems to paint at the Perſon in this Stanza.

But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhow you his Grace
Makes Promiſes Trifles indeed.

'Tis ſuppos'd, that thus failing in his Expectations, together with an unfortunate Marriage, ſhorten'd his Days; for his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters only) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the Fault of her Love, which was ſo violent for him, that ſhe reſolv'd to leave nothing untry'd to gain him. Tho' ſome Huſbands would have prove mere Huſbands in ſuch a caſe, Mr. *Farquhar* was ſo much charm'd with her Love, and Underſtanding, that he intirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her; therefore, when I ſay an unfortunate Marriage conduc'd, with other Circumſtances, to the ſhortening his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too ſlender to ſupport a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniencies; for I have often heard him ſay, *That*

it

it was more Pain to him in imagining that his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that cou'd be inflicted on him. But his Wife being long ſince dead, his good Friend Mr. *Wilks* has been highly inſtrumental in ſetting his Children above Want.

Mr. *Farquhar*, beſides theſe ſeven Comedies, aſſiſted Mr. *Motteux* in a *Farce* call'd *The Stage-Coach.* He left no other Papers behind him; for, three Hours before his Death, he flung ſeveral Fragments into the Fire, declaring at the ſame time, that he had no Remains worth ſaving.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Micher, the old Uncle and Guardian to *Iſabella*.
Nicodemus Somebody, a Country 'Squire.
Baſil, a Captain, in Love with *Iſabella*.
Fetch, Servant to *Baſil*.
Macahone, an *Iriſhman*.
Tom. Jolt, the Stage-Coachman.
Landlord of the Houſe.

WOMEN.

Iſabella, Niece to *Micher*, in Love with *Baſil*.
Dolly, Maid in the Houſe.
Oſtler, and other Gueſts in the Houſe.

SCENE *an Inn on the Road between* Cheſter *and* London.

THE STAGE-COACH.

SCENE an Inn.

Enter Fetch, *with Cloak-Bag and Piſtols.*

HERE, Houſe! where are ye all? Now we'ave ſupt, I'll ſee if my Maſter's Bed be ready.——*Tom, John, Robin,* where a Plague are ye? All deaf? No Attendance in theſe Country Inns? This is worſe than the *Roſe Tavern* after Play, the *Sun Tavern* after 'Change, or the *Devil Tavern* after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. D'ye call, Sir,

Fet. Call, Sir! What a Plague——Eigh! gad 'tis a pretty Girl. Hark you, Child, do you ſerve Travellers upon the Road here?

Dol.

Dol. Yes, Sir.

Fet. Kiſs me, then.

Dol. That's the Chambermaid's Buſineſs—D'ye want any thing elſe? I'm in Haſte,

Fet. What Room does my Maſter lye in?

Dol. The Caſtle.

Fet. And what Room do I lye in?

Dol. The Garret.

Fet. Very well; and what Room do you lye in?

Dol. Under you.

Fet. Say no more. I'll but take a Dram to digeſt my Supper, lay theſe Things in my Maſter's Chamber, then I'll talk with you in yours.

Dol. Are your Piſtols charg'd?

Fet. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, Child: A Brace of Bullets, I aſſure you. [*Exit* Dolly.

Enter Captain Baſil.

Baſ. What a tedious, tireſome, dull, jolting Vehicle is a Stage-Coach? We that are in it, are more fatigued than the Beaſts that draw it. This unlucky Hurt, *Fetch*, that I've got lately, has hinder'd my riding Poſt, and thrown me into this confounded Company, a big-bellied Farmer's Daughter, an *Iriſh* Wit, a Canting Quaker, a City Whore, and a Country Parſon.

Fet. And a disbanded Captain, Sir; for want of a ſtroling Lawyer, or a Nurſe and a Child, to make up a cleaver Stage-Coach ſet.

Baſ. Ay, the ſwell'd Country Puſs plagu'd me with her ſcreaming and wry Faces, the profound *Teague* with his Nonſenſe, the Quaker with the Spirit, the Whore with the Fleſh, and the fat Parſon with both.

Fet.

Fet. Truly, Sir, I pity'd you; for I do'nt think there was in the whole Company a Man of Parts, but you and I.

Baſ. Muſt I be tormented two Days more with this Coach, before I get to *London?*

Fet. Too true, Sir.

Baſ. How can you tell?

Fet. Nobody better, Sir; my Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Baſ. What's his Employment?

Fet. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen, that attends at *Bloſſom*'s Inn, in the Quality of a Ticket Porter.

Baſ. I muſt get to *London*, ſooner, or I ſhall ruin my Affairs.———Let me talk with the Coachman; if it be poſſible, I'll make him ſtretch for me: Call him hither. [*Exit* Fetch.] Pſhaw! here's that *Iriſh* Booby.

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, 'tis a brave Houſe! Sure the Shentleman of this Tavern muſt be ſome Perſon of very great Quality—Oh, my dear Maſter Captain, I am your moſt loving and much honour'd Friend.

Baſ. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too ſhort for ſo much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too ſhort! Dear Joy, it is threeſcore Miles long; and, by Shaint *Patrick*, I would be very joyful for being your eſpecial Friend, becauſe I am afraid we ſhall never meet again.

Baſ. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Mac. My Name is *Torlough Rauwer Macahone*, of the Pariſh of *Curoughabegely*, in the County of *Tiperary*, Eſhſquire, where is my Manſion Houſe, for me and my Predeceſſors after me.

Baſ.

Baſ. Very well; and pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London?*

Mac. No Affairs, my dear Joy; for I have tranſacted my Buſineſs in *London* before I came there.

Baſ. That's ſomewhat an odd Way of doing Buſineſs.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, 'tis the quickeſt Way tho'. I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Baſ. How, Sir?

Mac. Why, by the Law, Friend, or Phyſick, or a Merchant's Wife, or Back-gammon, or any of theſe Honourable Profeſſions; 'tis all the ſame to *Macahone*, Faith. But I have made my Fortune already, by my Goſhip's Hand,

Baſ. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Becauſe, my dear Joy, you are my intimate Friend and a Stranger, I will communicate that Secret into your Breaſt——The fine Lady in the Coach, Madam *Strowler*, is a rich Merchant's Wife, in *Vinegar-Yard*, by *Drury-Lane*, in *London*, and ſhe is fallen in downright Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the Reckoning for her in every Place.

Baſ. *Jenny* the Orange-Wench has ſnapt this Booby; and e'en let her make a Hand of him.——Are you ſure ſhe's rich?

Mac. By my Shoul ſhe ſhow'd me a Diamond as big as a Potatoe; and faith it look'd almoſt as clear as Glaſs: And ſhe keeps her flying Chariot too, ſhe told me ſo herſelf; and, by my Shoul, I am ſo cunning, that if another had told me ſo, I had not believ'd him.

Baſ. You're plaguy cunning, indeed, Sir.

Mac. O chree, dear Joy, we are all ſo, upon my Shoul. Let an *Iriſhman* alone for making his Fortune, he is as cunning as no Man alive——But, my dea

dear Joy, I wiſh I were after going to Bed, to digeſt my Supper: Here are two Beds in your Chamber; and pray, my dear Friend, tell me, do you intend to lye in 'em both?

Baſ. 'Tis probable, Sir, I ſhall uſe but one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your Leave and Permiſſion, I ſhall uſe the t'other; but pray let me not incommode your Perſon, if you intend to lye in both the Beds.

Baſ. Not at all, Sir——Booby. [*Aſide.*

Mac. Sir, I am your moſt obliging Servant.

Baſ. Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Mac. I render you many Thanks. [*Exit.*

Enter Jolt, *and* Fetch.

Baſ. Honeſt *Jolt!* how is't? What ſhall I give thee to drink?

Jolt. Thank you, Maſter, what you pleaſe. Here's rare *Nants* in the Houſe; a Cogue, or ſo, wou'd do no Harm.

Baſ. Here, *Fetch*, bring us Half a Pint. [*Exit* Fetch.] Well, *Jolt*, canſt do a Man a Kindneſs upon Occaſion?

Jolt. A Kindneſs! Ay, Maſter, an' that be all, we Coachmen are all mighty civil Fellows, you know.

Baſ. Are your Horſes good?

Jolt. Good! Special Cattle, Maſter! A *London* Doctor wou'd have ſet up his Coach with 'em, if we had truſted to the Fall of the Leaf; and but t'other Day here, one of your Stockjobbers hir'd 'em for an Election; ecod, they had almoſt got him the Place.

Enter

Enter Fetch, *with Brandy.*

Baſ. Here, *Jolt*, pull it off.

Jolt. Your Health, Maſter ——— Rare Stuff, after my twelve Eggs and Pound of Bacon.

Baſ. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at *London* by To-morrow Night?

Jolt. To-morrow Night! Ay, Maſter, if you can fly. [*Drinks.*

Baſ. See here, *Jolt*——my Buſineſs is preſſing; a good Share of this Purſe is thine, if thou wilt haſten my Journey.

Jolt. If that be all, [*Drinks*] 'tis done——— we are to be in *London* the Day after To-morrow, by Ten o'Clock at Night——Now, Maſter, to oblige you, I'll be there by Nine.

Baſ. Is the Fellow mad? I tell thee I muſt be there To-morrow.

Jolt. Ay, ſo you may if you can; 'tis a long Way, Maſter, the Roads are deep, and I won't ſpoil my Horſes—they are dearer to me, poor Beaſts, than my Wife and Children.

Fet. Silly Fool, thou haſt no more Senſe than thy Horſes; why there's enough in that Purſe to bribe thy very Maſter, the Duke of *Mantua*, and two or three *German* Princes.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. [*Peeps in the empty Pot, and throws it down.*]. What do you prate for? Theſe Beau Footmen are as Cock-a-Hoop of late, as if they had Places at Court. I'm an honeſt Man.———Bribes won't paſs in the Country now. ———Beſides, I muſt not baulk my Stages, the Innkeepers have brib'd me already. [*Exit.*

Baſ. Well, tho' it kills me I muſt ride Poſt.

Fet.

Fet. But pray, Sir, what makes you in ſuch Haſte?

Baſ. Why this Letter from my Miſtreſs [*Reads.*

YOU'VE heard I've loſt my dear Mother. My Uncle, to whoſe Care I am left, not conſidering your Pretenſions, is reſol-v'd to marry me to another; but what's worſe, the old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I muſt ſeem to comply with his Deſires. If you would prevent my being made a moſt unfortunate Creature, fly to my Relief, my dear Baſil, *with all the Speed, which your Love and my Diſtreſs require.*

ISABELLA.

I'm afraid I ſhall come too late: Run to the Poſt-Houſe, get us Horſes, and we'll mount this Moment. But whom have we here?

Fet. Some of the Company that came in the *London* Coach, that ſupp'd on t'other Side of the Houſe.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, *with a Band-box, a Maſk, and Fan, and other Luggage.*

'*Squi.* Come, Mrs. *Iſbel*, I've got your Things——— Bleſs us! What a Parcel of Luggage theſe Women carry about 'em ——— And the poor Lover here muſt be ſubject to the Slavery of Bundles and Band-boxes ——— Mrs. *Iſbel*, why don't you come away, I'm as tir'd as a *Scotch* Pedlar under his Pack. ———

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Ha! [*Sees the Captain, and ſtarts.*

'*Squi.* Ha! What's the Matter, my dear Wife, that is to be?

Iſab.

Isab. I miss my Watch; I fear I've left it in the Room where we sup'd; pray go and see.

'Squi. Ay, by all Means ——— Here, look to your Things, there are Strangers about. [*Exit.*

Bas. Ha! What do I see! Look, *Fetch*, is not that *Isabella?*

Isab. My dear *Basil!* [*Meet and embrace.*

Bas. My *Isabella!* What Miracle has brought you hither?

Isab. You receiv'd my Letter?

Bas. Here it is, and it has brought me so far in my Journey to you.

Isab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreading your Return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country-House of that Block-head that I sent just now of a Fool's Errand, under Pretence of losing my Watch. My Uncle is at the Bar, haggling with the Landlady, and is to come up presently into the Room where we lye: Now if you can find a Way to rescue me from the old Knave, and the young Fool ——— But here he comes: He's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, in *Lancashire*.

Enter 'Squire Somebody.

'Squi. Gone, gone! No Watch to be found! Ecod, Gentlewoman, see what your Uncle will say to you! You'll make a rare Wife, faith, if you lose your Things so aforehand. ——— I won't lend you mine.

Isab. You need not, Sir, for the Watch is found again; I had only put it in a wrong Pocket.

'Squi. Then that's Thirty Pounds in my Pocket.

Bas.

Baſ. Sure I ſhou'd know that Voice, and Face too. Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebody*'s?

'Squi. Yes, Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Bart. and I am his Eldeſt Son by the firſt Venter, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Eſq;——

Baſ. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend Sir *Aminadab*.——Pray, Sir, what Lady is that with you?

'Squi. 'Tis my Miſtreſs, at your Service: We want but a Parſon, a Wedding Dinner, a Pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack Poſſet, to ſend us the Way of all Fleſh.

Baſ. Then, Sir, upon your Account, I'll preſume to pay my Reſpects to the Lady. [*Salutes her.*

'Squi. Sir, your're a very reſpectful Perſon truly.——Well, how d'ye like her? Won't ſhe make a rare Tit for *Somebody*? She's a little in the Dumps at preſent, but we ſhall dump her out of that.

Baſ. What! out of Humour, and ſo near her Marriage.

'Squi. Ay, there was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and ſhe lov'd that certain Captain: Now I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow whindled himſelf into the Mother's Favour, and got her Conſent; but as good Luck would have it, the old Woman was pleas'd to go where all old Women ſhou'd go, and ſo Nuncle *Micher*, being a very honeſt Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, but having a deadly Averſion to a Red Coat, ſtruck up a Bargain with Father for me, and we're going down to our Houſe to take Poſſeſſion of the Premiſes: So this ſame Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be disbanded, and ſhe, forſooth, is vex'd becauſe ſhe can't ſerve under him. Ha, ha, ha, poor Dog, he's broke on all Sides.

Baſ.

Baſ. Ha, ha, ſilly Fellow! he'll hang himſelf, that's certain. What ſhou'd Soldiers do elſe in Time of Peace?

'Squi. Ay, my dear Friend, I ſhou'd be glad if they were all hang'd; but for the Sake of the *French.* ——Perhaps you may know this ſame Captain; 'tis one *Baſil*, a poor inſignificant Ringleader of fifty Rogues. Ha, ha.

Baſ. Baſil; I know him, bloody Rogues he led, indeed.

'Squi. And he the ſaddeſt Rogue of 'em all. Ha, ha.

Baſ. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Iſab. If you thought this Captain over-heard you, you durſt not talk at that Rate.

'Squi. Durſt, not ſay you? Odzookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, or Child. I wou'd tell him ſo to his Face——when my Friend ſtands by me here.

Baſ. Softly, Madam, my Friend *Nicodemus* is a Perſon who you ought to regard——in Time you'll have no Cauſe to complain.

'Squi. Ah, dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deſerve. But don't you think now that I am much more for her Turn than this ſame Raggamuffin?

Baſ. There's no Compariſon, Sir; and I think no body can tell better than I; So I can aſſure the Lady this is like to be the laſt Trouble you ſhall give her.

'Squi. Well ſaid, faith. Ecod, I've got a good Friend and I did not think on't.

Iſab. Ay, but if *Baſil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Baſ. Why, what wou'd you do, if *Baſil* were here?

Iſab. I wou'd run away with him to the next Parſon, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

'Squi.

'Squi. *Nicodemus* thanks you with all his Heart——— Did not I tell you now how ſhe was bewitch'd by this Captain? The Devil's in theſe Captains, I believe. Ecod I v'e a Mind to be a Captain too——Odzookers, now I think on't, my dear Friend, Im' a Captain already of the Militia; and do you think that we that pay them, are not better Men than they?

Baſ. Ay, to be ſure

Iſab. Well, but we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never the wiſer; for while my Uncle and you were faſt aſleep, I cou'd ſteal out of my Chamber, fly into *Baſil*'s Arms, and he ſhou'd have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

'Squi. Odzooks, ſhe's a cunning Jade; for all that I ſhall have a rare Wife of her.

Baſ. Well, well, Madam, I underſtand you, we ſhall take Care of that Matter.

'Squi. Ay, ay, ſo we will; my dear Friend, here, and I, ſhall watch your Waters, I'll warrant you——Oh, here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher, *with a Bill.*

Mich. Hah! the Cut-throat Dogs: There's a Bill for you! That fat Jade at the Bar will ſcore herſelf to the Devil, before any Sollicitor, Taylor, Phyſick or Tipple Poiſoner in *Europe*. [*Gives the 'Squire the Bill.*

'Squi. [*Reads*] For Bread and Beer, Eight Shillings and Ten Pence. *Here's as much Bread and Drink as wou'd ſerve all the* French *in* Spittle-fields *for a Week.* For a Calf's-Head and Bacon, Ten Shillings. For a boil'd Pig and Colly-Flowers, *that I beſpoke*, Nine Shillings. For a Red Herring, *that was yours, Uncle,*

Uncle, One Shilling. For a Bottle of Hartſhorn, *that was your Supper, Miſtreſs*, Seven Pence. *Hey dey! what's here?* Mull'd Sack, Dumplings, Cheeſe, Oranges, Toaſt and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts, and Tobacco, in all, Two Pounds, Thirteen Shillings and Three Pence Three Farthings, beſides Fire———The Devil fire the Houſe.

Mich. Well, how ſhall we club this Matter? There's the old Woman that has the King's-Evil, and the t'other that ſtops the Coach every Minute to go behind a Buſh, they won't pay as much as we.

'Squi. Eccd, but they ſhall; and for you, Miſtreſs, you ſhall pay but a Crown, becauſe you eat nothing, and that you mayn't think that you're hardly dealt by, I'll ſing you the Song that makes it Stage-Coach Law.

The STAGE-COACH SONG.

Let's ſing of Stage-Coaches,
And fear no Reproaches,
For riding in one;
But daily be jogging,
While whiſtling and flogging,
While whiſtling and flogging,
The Coachman drives on.

With a Hey, geeup, gueep, hey ho;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho;*
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho.*

In

In Coaches thus ſtrowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling,
With Nymphs on each Side;
Still prattling and playing,
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride.

With a Hey, &c.

Here chance kindly mixes,
All Sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men;
We ſqueeze them, we eaſe them,
The Jolting does pleaſe them;
Drive jollily then.

With a Hey, &c.

The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving;
Nor fear we to fall;
For if the Coach tumble,
We have a rare Jumble;
We have a rare Jumble;
And then up Tails all.

With a Hey, geup, geup, hey ho;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho;*
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, *hey ho.*

Mich. Well, now let's go to Bed, that we may be the ſooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.

'Squi. Well, dear Sir, the beſt Friends muſt part, tho' it be Man and Wife; but if you can ſtep home with me, 'tis but hard by, about Fourſcore and Ten Miles off, and ſtay there a Week, I'll make you ſo drunk, you ſhan't find the Way back again in a Month.

Baſ. Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I am otherwiſe engag'd.

'Squi. Good Night, then. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Good Night, Sir. [*Exeunt* Micher, Iſabella.

Baſ. Your Servant, Madam. I hope you'll be in a better Humour To-morrow. Ha! *Fetch*, here's Fortune for you.——Now, my dear Lad, run, and at any Rate get us ſome Calaſh, Chariot, Coach, any thing, to hurry us to *London*; fly. In the mean time, I'll run to my Chamber, and get every thing ready. [*Exeunt Severally*

Enter Jolt.

Huſh! Mum's the Word; there's a plaguy Candle ſtands in my Way; out, Informer, I'll ſpoil your peeping. The Houſe is full, and Bed's are ſcarce, therefore I can't lye in my own; So, good Wife at home, by your Leave, we Travellers are forc'd ſometimes to lye two in a Bed. 'Tis main dark, rare driving now in a deep Road, and a rough Way——Odſnigs, now if *Dolly* ſhou'd be skittiſh, and won't let me; I'll knock at her Chamber Door, however, and if the Door will open, well ſaid Door, I'll enter, and if *Dolly* will do like the reſt of her Crew, well ſaid *Dolly*. Pox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right Catterwawling Time, ſo I'll ſheer off till anon. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Basil *with things*, Fetch *with a Candle.*

Bas. Well, *Fetch* !

Fet. I've done your Business, Sir —I've found in this very Inn a Calash, with four good Horses, that shou'd have gone empty to *London* To-morrow Morning; I've agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately, he'll be ready at a Whistle.

Bas. That was luckly, and I've got my Things; here they shall lye till *Isabella* comes out——I wish she were here.

Fet. Sir, Sir, I think I hear a Noise.

Bas. Put out the Candle then, and let us step into that Corner, for here we must wait for her

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coast is clear—I have had a strange Hankering after this same *Doll*, this great while, and for her Sake I set up here at the *Angel*; now if she won't be civil, dye see, I'll carry my Guests to the *Saracen's-Head*, where I shall have the Ostler to take Care of my Horses, and the Maid to take Care of me ——Now for her Door.

Fet. Ods my Life, Sir; we've forgot one thing; the Gate is lock'd up by this Time, how shall we get out?

Bas. What shall we do?

Jolt. Hush! I hear something; shou'd this be some Rogue now creeping in to *Dolly*, I'll put a Spoke in his Wheel.

Fet. Stay, I've thought on't; the Maid's a good tractable Wench, she'll do whatever we'll have her.

Jolt. Will she, faith, you Dog? Sirrah, I'll take care of that.

Fet. I'll knock at the Door; for a Piece of Money, I'll warrant you ſhe'll do the Job.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your Job firſt, you catterwawling Son of a Whore.

Fet. 'Tis well if I 'ſcape a good Dab on the Noſe here——Confound that Poſt, 'tis deadly hard——[Jolt *ſtrikes him.*] Her Door is on this Side, I'm ſure. [Jolt *ſtrikes him again.*] Ha! what's that? Another Poſt? 'ware Noſe the third time.—— Oh, ſure here's the Door, I'll knock. [*Strikes* Jolt *in the Teeth.*] *Dolly, Dolly*, Plague on't, ſhe's aſleep; ſure I'm right; where's the Key-hole? Oh! I've found it. [*Puts his Finger in* Jolt's *Mouth, who bites it.*] Oh, the Devil! the Devil! Help, Sir, Help, I've got my Finger in a Rat-Trap.

Baſ. Where art thou?

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee. [*Whips him.*

Fet. Murder! Murder! Help!

Baſ. Hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you.

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee ho.

Fet. Murder, Murder, Help! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Oſtler, with a Light.

Oſt. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee, ho.

Oſt. What a Duce do you mean, Maſter *Jolt?*

Jolt. [*Yawns*] What's the Matter? What's all this Buſtle for?

Oſt. What, are you drunk or dreaming?

Jolt. What would you have? Where am I? Oh! Oh! is it you, *Phil.* the Oſtler? Odſnigs, I thought I had been in Bed; I dream'd that my Coach ſtuck in *Hockly the Hole*, and I was licking my Horſes till I made them ſmoke again——I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beaſts.

Enter

Enter Dolly.

Doll. What's the Matter here; are not you aſham'd to diſturb People at this Time of Night?

Fet. You're come in good Time, Child, to ſave that Rogue a beating, for now we've other Buſineſs; a Word with you.

Baſ. Get thee gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears off, you Dog; and you here with your Light, go off, and leave us to our Buſineſs. [*Exit Oſtler.*

Jolt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain; Ecod I'll over-turn the Coach To-morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle.

Fet. The Town's our own, Sir; I've given the Wench a Guinea, ſhe conſents, and I've got the Key.

Jolt. The Key! A Plague on her Lock; now has the Minx granted at once, what ſhe has deny'd me this Twelvemonths; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key-hole: I warrant 'twou'd open a thouſand Spring Locks in *Covent-Garden*——I'll watch, and ſee what all this will come to.

Enter Iſabella, *with a Trunk.*

Iſab. He ſhou'd be here!——Captain!

Baſ. My Dear!

Jolt. My dear! Ah the damn'd Jade! She's come out to him now.

Enter Micher, *groping.*

Mich. Does ſhe walk in her Sleep? Where can ſhe go at this Time of Night? I'll watch her.

Isab. Captain, where are you?

Bas. Here, here.

Mich. Captain! Sure she can't have her Captain here.

Jolt. Odsnigs, they're going to't; but I'll spoil their Sport.

Isab. Come, I'm got out at last, and what's more, I've got the Writings.

Mich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you; Lights here; Lights.

Isab. Hist! I hear my Uncle's Voice, let's lose no Time.

Bas. Let's away, my Dear——*Fetch*, take up the Things. [*Exeunt.*

Mich. Lights here, Lights.

[Fetch *takes up the Things, and drops the Key.* Exit.

Enter Ostler with a Light.

Ost. What's the Matter here, again?

Mich. Ha! what a Devil, who are you?

Jolt. And who are you, an' that be all?

Mich. Where's my Niece, ah, you Pimp? you're in the Plot too; where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain?

Jolt. Your Niece! the Captain has other Work in hand; but this is a rare time to quit Scores with him. If you want the Captain, you'll find him in that Room with his Whore.

Mich. His Whore! the Dog make my Niece his Whore! Get a Constable, a Constable.

Enter 'Squire, yawning.

'Squi. Here, what the Devil's the matter? Can't you let a body sleep among ye?

Mich.

Mich. Ah, *Nicodemus*, we're all undone; the Captain here has got away your Miſtreſs into that Room; and what they are doing, Heaven knows.

'Squi. Ha! I hear ſome Noiſe; I hear ſome Noiſe within, why don't you break the Door, Uncle?

Mich. Why don't you?

'Squi. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your Wife that is to be.

'Squi. I can't tell that now.

Mich. Then let's have a Conſtable.

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord; he's a Conſtable. [*Exit.*

[*Several People appear in Night-Caps in both Balconies.*

1. A Plague take you all, are you all aſleep, that ye make ſuch a Noiſe. What a De'il's the matter wid you.

'Squi. Nothing, nothing, no Harm, only a Gentleman who's making me a Cuckold before my time.

Enter Landlord, Jolt *with a Leaver.*

Land. Here, where are theſe People?

'Squi. Here, Sir, in that Room.

Land. Come out here: I charge ye come out: I'm an Officer, won't you come out in the King's Name? why then ſtay where you are, in the Devil's Name: Break open the Door. [Jolt *breaks open the Door.*

Land. Why don't you go in?

Jolt. Why don't you go in, you're an Officer?

Land. Then I command you to go in before me:

Jolt. Let the 'Squire go in, 'tis his Buſineſs.

'Squi. Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his Buſineſs than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in, tho' he be a Captain, he's but one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dolly *at another Door.*

Doll. What can they be ſearching for in my Chamber?

Re-enter all.

'Squi. The devil a Thing is there, but an old Pair of Boddice, a broken-back'd Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a flock Bed, and a green Chamber-Pot: Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want, are gone; they took the Key from me, and went out.

'Squi. Gone! oh ye Skies! *Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

'Squi. Ay, ay, Horſes, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Spatterdaſhes, Gambadoes, Boots, and Saſhoons, away.

Land. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, what's here? the Key of the great Gate, they muſt be in the Houſe ſtill, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Doll. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Land. Then they muſt have drop'd the Key, and are in the Houſe ſtill.

'Squi. Huzza! have at 'em then; Halberts, Quarter-Staffs, Muskets, Pikes, and Pocket-Piſtols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out, then. [*Ex.* Land. Jolt. Why don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

'Squi. Uncle, I ſtay to keep you Company.

Enter Baſil *in a Night-Gown.*

Baſ. What's the Meaning of all this Noiſe? A Man can't ſleep for ye.

'Squi. Ah, my dear Friend, ſtand by me now. Who ſhou'd

ſhou'd be here, but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my Miſtreſs.

Baſ. The Devil he did; and how will you uſe him when he's found.

'Squi. Uſe him! I'll pump him, I'll ſouſe him, flea him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Baſ. But, hark ye, Sir, don't make ſuch a Noiſe, you'll diſturb my Wife.

'Squi. What, Sir, are you marry'd?

Baſ. Marry'd and bedded ſince I ſaw you.

'Squi. To whom?

Enter Iſabella, Landlord, Jolt, *and Servants.*

Baſ. To this Lady, Sir.

'Squi. Uncle!

Mich. Nephew!

'Squi. Speak you, 'tis more your Buſineſs than mine.

Mich. Marry'd; it can't be: How cou'd you be marry'd ſo ſuddenly?

Baſ. Very luckily, Sir; we intended to have it done more decently, but my Blockhead drop'd the Key, and being ſtop'd that Way, we ſaw a Light in the Miniſter's Chamber that travel'd with me; we went up, found him ſmoaking his Pipe, he firſt gave us his Bleſſing, then lent us his Bed.

'Squi. He was a very civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir; this won't paſs upon me, what Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, he needs no Evidence, for I am one. I was call'd to be a Witneſs; his Man did waken me before I was aſleep; and if you will believe nobody, you may go up, and ask the Miniſter.

Baſ.

Baſ. And in Return, my dear Countryman, I'll take care to do you Service in relation to your pretended Merchant's Wife.

Mich. Then ſince it is ſo, much Good may't do you with your No-fortune, her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

'Squi. I am glad on't, with all my Heart.

Iſab. Sir, it will appear otherwiſe by my Writings.

Mich. Writings; what Writings? I've no Writings of yours.

Baſ. No more you han't, Sir; for here they are.

Mich. Confuſion! then I know what I've loſt.

'Squi. And ſo do I too. I've loſt my Labour, I've loſt my Friend, I've loſt my Nuncle, and I've loſt my Wife.

But ſince the Coach ſuch Novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarry'd, and the Captain wed,
I'll be reveng'd, and goe——I'll go to bed.

[Ex. omnes.

FINIS.

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